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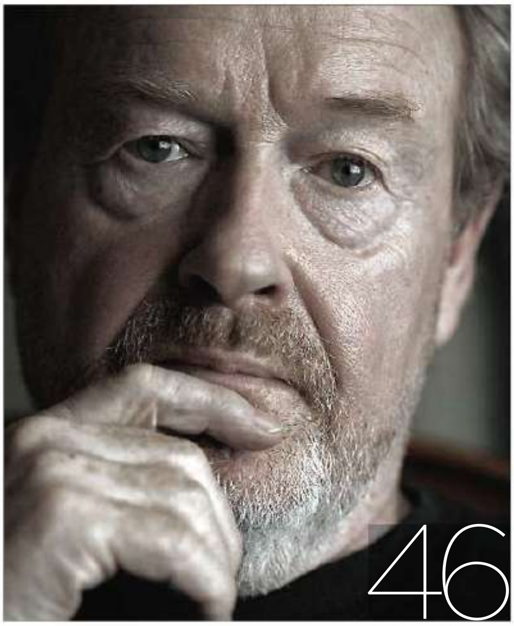

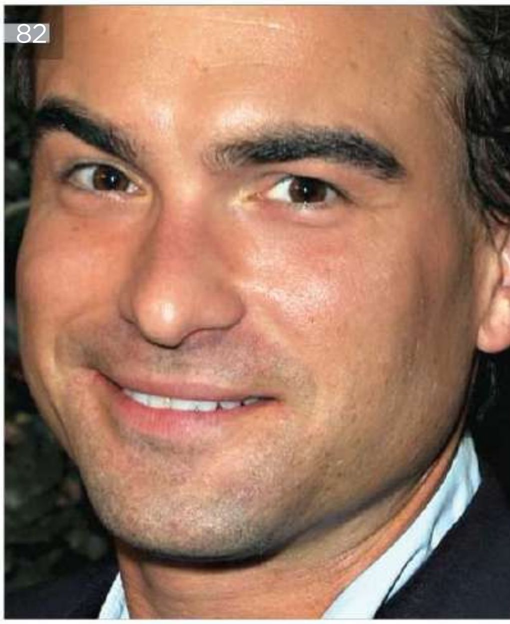

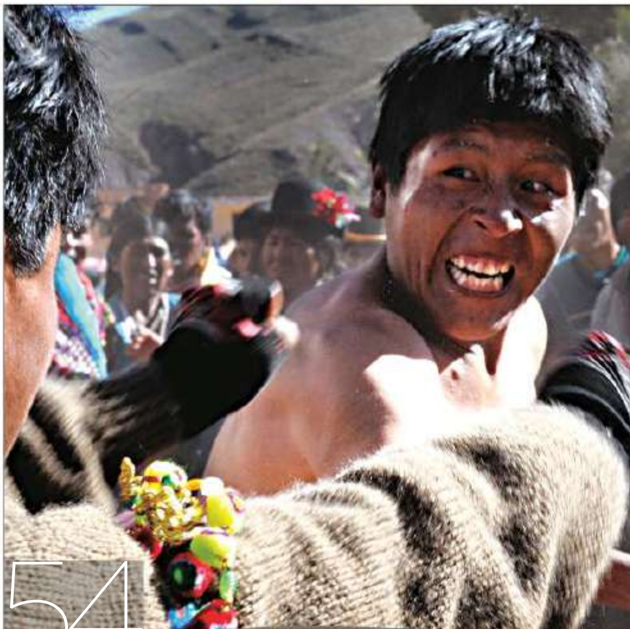

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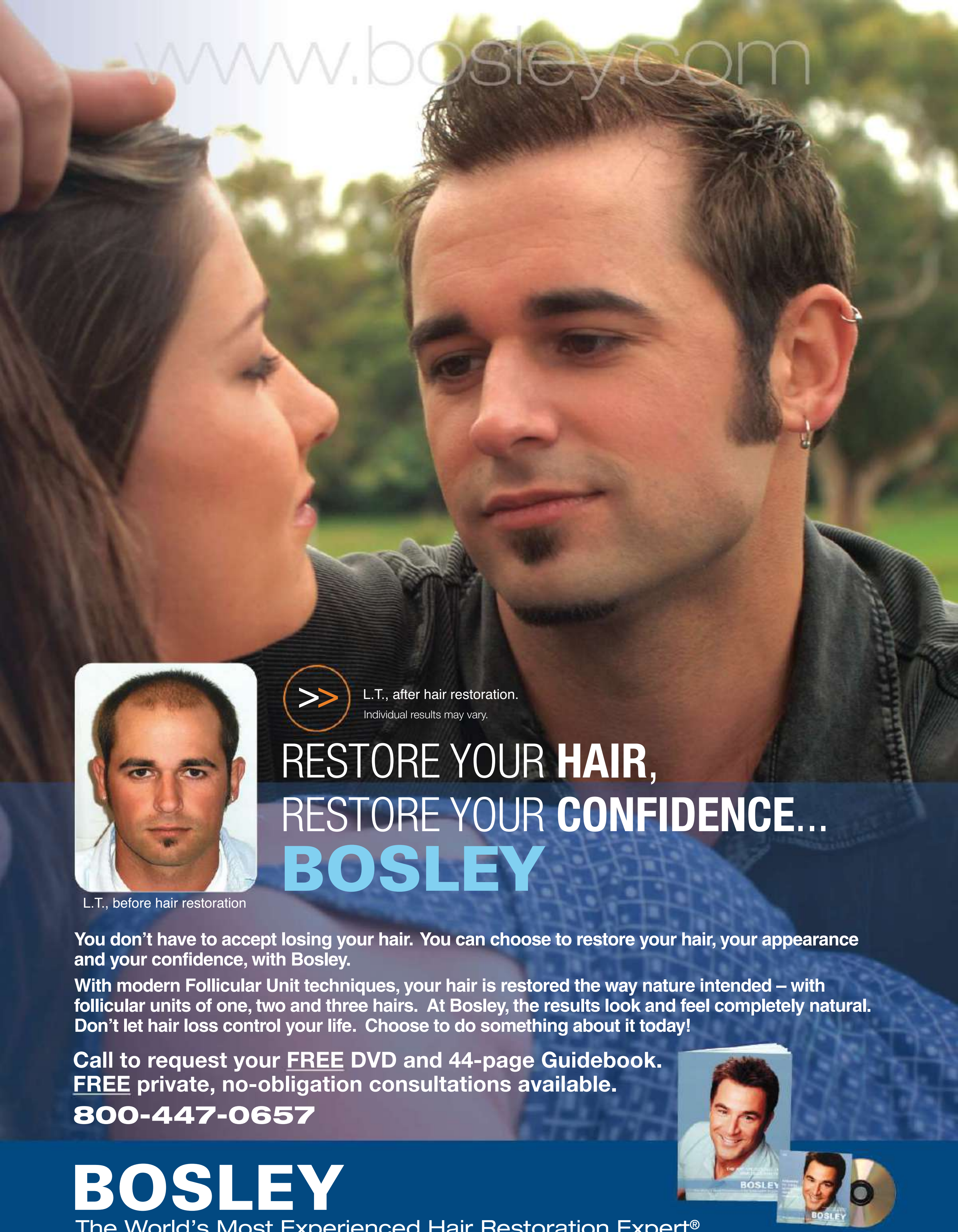

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TRAVELOGUES

Spring is in the air—or maybe it's the sweet smell of hot sex! Whether you're hiking in the great outdoors, lounging in a steamy sauna, or hanging out in a toasty ski lodge, it's always the right time for sizzling sexcursions.

When I got home from my golf lesson, I went straight for the shower. I figured my girlfriend, Dana, would be back from her spa treatment soon, and I didn't want to be sweaty and gross when she got to our room. The water was pounding down on me, so I didn't notice the sound of the door opening or the light footsteps approaching the bathroom. It wasn't until Dana had opened the door that I realized I wasn't alone.

I sputtered for a moment as Dana looked me up and down, ogling my naked body. Then she started to strip. I watched, completely transfixed, as she took off her skirt and tank top, slipped out of her lingerie, and stepped into the shower with me. She never gave me a chance to make a move of my own, instead continuing to take charge. She pulled my head down and planted a passionate kiss on me before kissing down my body and dropping to her knees. Then she was stroking my hardening cock, rinsing off the soap before taking it in her mouth. She sucked me like a pro, her tongue teasing the sensitive underside of my dick while her lips applied the perfect amount of pressure to my shaft. By the time she started bobbing her head up and down, I was going crazy. I don't know how I'd gotten lucky enough to find a girlfriend who is so enthusiastic about sex that she couldn't wait for me to finish showering, but I was too grateful to care.

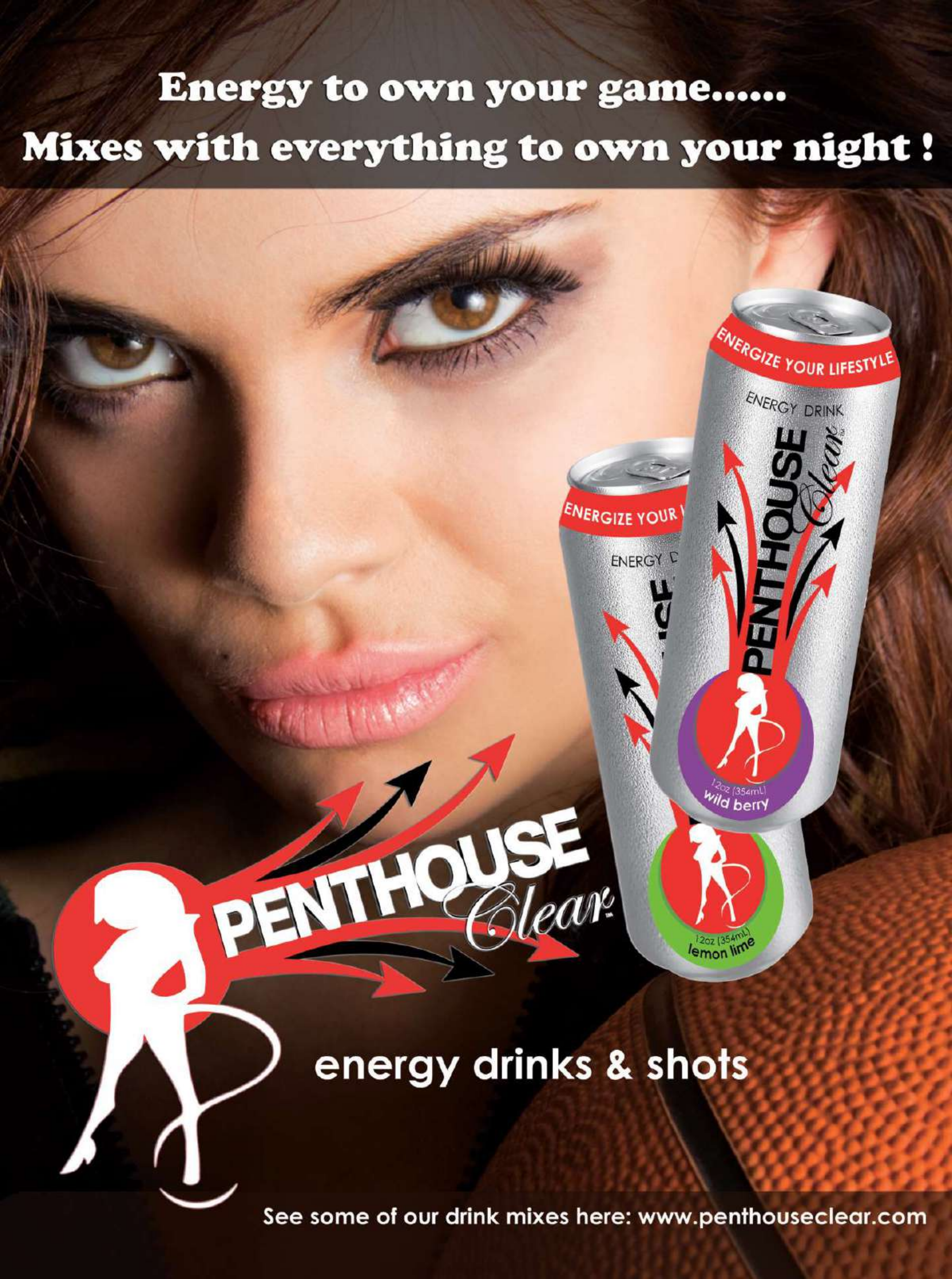
Dana sucked and slobbered until I was ready to explode, then pulled back and stood up again. She moved to the back wall of the shower, pulling me with her, and turned around to bend over against the wall. I grabbed my cock and slid into her cunt. She was as warm and wet as the shower itself, and her cunt engulfed my cock, just like her mouth had moments earlier.

It took a minute to find the right place to stand in the slippery shower, then I got down to business. I thrust into Dana as deep as I could, fucking her hard and fast, our wet bodies squeaking and slapping against each other. It was one of the hottest things we'd ever done, and pretty soon it got even hotter. Dana started mewling with pleasure, on the verge of a climax, and I started to pump even harder into her. But I stopped dead when she turned around to look at me and said, "Do you want to fuck my ass?"

If I hadn't been so surprised I prob-

Talking about the fact that I was fucking her up the ass was turning Dana on as much as the fucking was.

"Forum" letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send letters to ForumSubmission@ffn.com or *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York NY 10005.



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See some of our drink mixes here: www.penthouseclear.com ably would have ruined the whole thing with a smart-aleck remark, but all I could get out was, "Hell, yeah." She reached over toward the complimentary toiletries in the corner of the shower, picked up the massage oil, and gave it to me with a wicked smile. As quickly as I could, I uncapped the bottle and poured the whole thing on her ass, rubbing it in and working a finger into her backdoor, my dick still buried in her cunt. When I pushed in with a second finger, she let out the sexiest moan I've ever heard, then *said* the sexiest thing I've ever heard: "I'm ready, Kevin. Take my virgin ass."

I pulled out of her pussy and eased my cock into her butt, working it in inch by inch with a slow back-and-forth motion. I was almost all the way in when she let out a gasp, and I stopped to ask if she was okay. I couldn't believe it when Dana looked back again and said, "I was great until you stopped, Kev. It feels incredible!"

That was all I needed to hear. I pushed in all the way, then started fucking her. It did feel incredible, and the fact that Dana kept talking about it was amazing. She told me how great it felt, and asked me how it looked. It was like talking about the fact that I was fucking her up the ass was turning her on as much as the fucking was.

Another ten or so thrusts was all it took, and then I was coming, filling her butt and triggering her orgasm. Then we caught our breath, washed up, and went straight to bed for round two. I didn't find out what had gotten her so turned on till after round three, when we threw on some clothes and went to the restaurant in the hotel lobby for dinner. Dana pointed out another woman and said she'd gotten a massage next to her that afternoon. The guy rubbing the woman down had made her really horny, which inspired her to spend the next hour telling Dana how much she loves anal sex. She had been so enthusiastic about it that Dana figured it was time to give it a try. Of course, I sent a bottle of champagne over to the woman's table. It was the least I could do after finally getting to plow Dana's rear end.—*K.R., Georgia*

NATURE LOVERS

We'd been hiking all morning, and when we stopped for lunch, the view from the cliff was breathtaking. We lay on our blanket, and although Matt and I were both horny as hell, I thought we could wait a few hours for the real action to commence.

Unable to help ourselves, though, we started making out. Before long, we were too hot and heavy to stop. Screwing on a popular hiking path was pretty risky, public sex–wise, but when we looked at each other I knew we were both thinking, *Who the fuck cares?* We sat up and pulled off our shirts, Matt opened his pants and pushed them down past his ass, and I pulled off my jeans and panties.

Matt kissed me again, trailing his lips across my neck, my breasts, my stomach, and finally my pussy. He kissed every inch of bare skin, spending enough time on my tits and cunt that he made me come. I couldn't believe how good it felt after being sexually frustrated all day.

His face covered in my juices, Matt moved up my body and kissed me, giving me a taste of my pussy. I didn't plan on breaking our kiss, but when he thrust into me, I threw back my head and moaned. I felt so fucking full! Matt has a nice seven-inch cock, and he knows how to use it. He started fucking me the second he was inside my cunt, and he didn't take it easy. He was pounding me, the sounds of our bodies slapping together echoing in the nearly silent woods, and I loved it! It was exactly what I needed, and before long I was coming again. When I climaxed that time, I screamed so loud I saw birds fly off overhead, scared by the noise. Matt came a couple of minutes after I did, and when he shot into me, I came a third time. It was incredible.

Later that night, when we were back at the campground and I was sucking him off in the privacy of our tent, Matt said we should have sex out "under the stars." But that's a whole other story!—*A.Z., Nebraska*

More letters on page 132

Matt was pounding me, and I loved it! It was exactly what I needed. Before long I was coming again.

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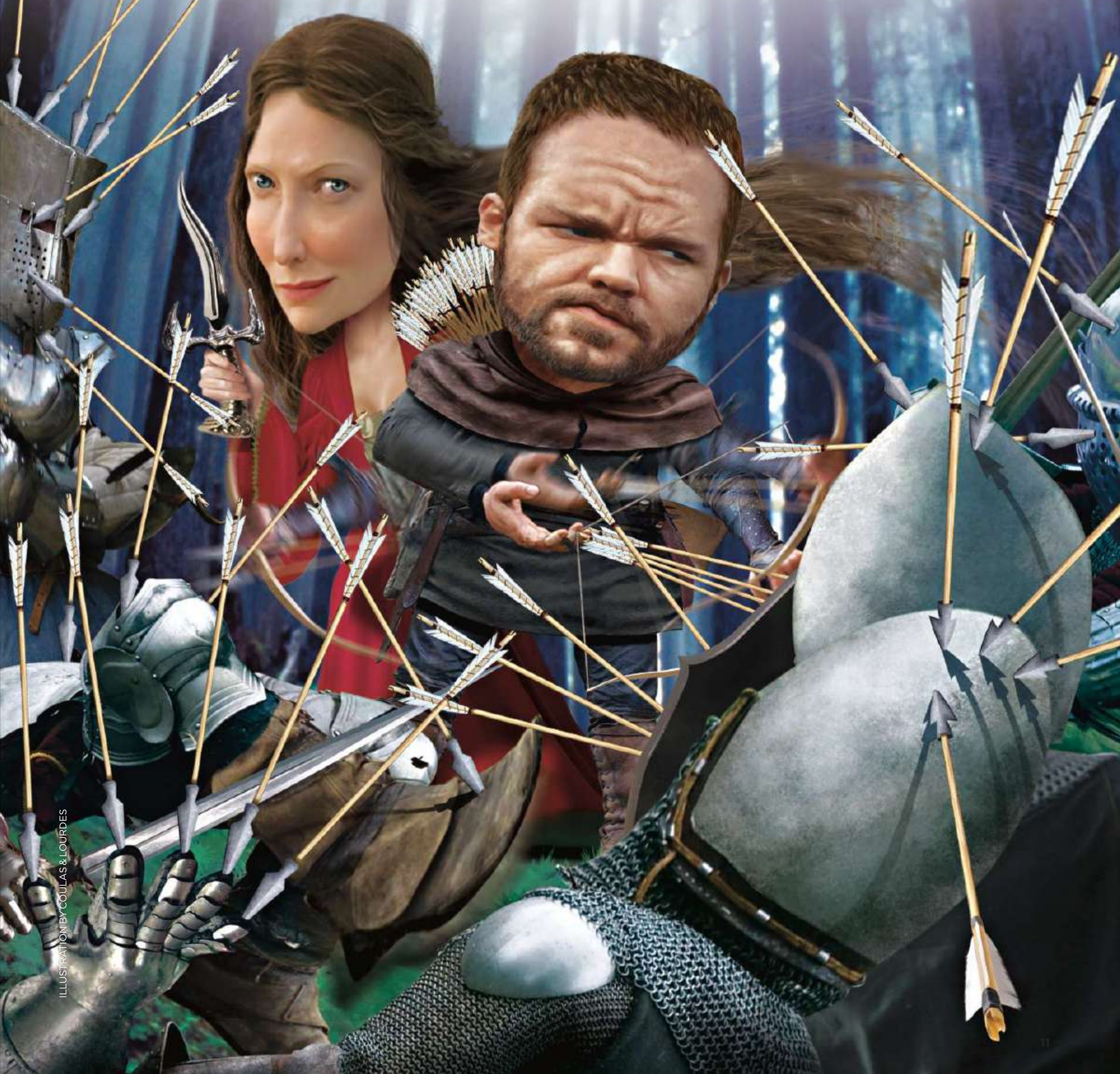
Men in Fights

Director Ridley Scott and his longtime collaborator Russell Crowe try to reclaim Robin Hood from Mel Brooks—and Kevin Costner, and Disney, and Douglas Fairbanks—with a down-and-dirty version of the ancient fable. Cate Blanchett costars as Maid Marian.



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Outlaw Hero

Can Ridley Scott and Russell Crowe make Robin Hood cool again?

BY JOSHUA ROTHKOPF

Robin Hood

Russell Crowe, Cate Blanchett, William Hurt, Danny Huston

Can this iconic character be un–Mel Brooks–ified? He'll always be the man in tights to many moviegoers, but if anyone's up to the task of revamping, it's Russell Crowe and director Ridley Scott, re-teaming here for their fifth film. No one brings gritty, epic badassery to the screen like these two. Crowe is lean and mean (in *Gladiator* mode), and this potential blockbuster is filled with action sequences and battles; there's not a jaunty green cap for miles. Might there be hidden glories in its Sherwood Forest? It's possible: The always-excellent Blanchett plays Maid Marian, and veterans Hurt and Huston can't hurt, either. Ultimately at issue will be the legend itself—heroic or antiheroic? Hollywood steals from the poor and gives to the rich every weekend, so it would be nice—if a tad ironic—to see the tale's redistributive aspects truly honored. Then again, if they lay on the misty atmospherics and let the armor-piercing arrows fly, that could work too.

Iron Man 2

Robert Downey Jr., Scarlett Johansson, Gwyneth Paltrow, Samuel L. Jackson, Mickey Rourke

The first one kicked so much ass, we were worried this one simply has too tough an act to follow. But we are encouraged by the presence of wall-to-wall AC/DC songs (from both the Bon Scott and Brian Johnson eras) on the film's soundtrack. More important, there is Johansson as the cat-suited, auburn-haired Black Widow. Say no more. Finally, we salute the presence of Rourke, tearing into his role as electrified Russian bad guy Whiplash. Yes, we'll admit it: We're stoked for this one after all.

Wall Street: Money Never Sleeps

Michael Douglas, Shia LaBeouf, Josh Brolin

"Greed, for lack of a better word, is good," hisses Douglas's Gordon Gekko in the 1987 corporate thriller *Wall Street* (and yes, that's how the quote goes). Cynical minds might think that Oliver Stone and company are simply following that maxim in their effort to make this sequel, but, hey, it's not like today's economic crisis created itself. There's timeliness in this project's favor and we can already hear Stone's lefty rage coming to a boil. LaBeouf plays a naive hotshot and *An Education*'s Carey Mulligan is Gekko's estranged daughter. But much will hinge on how well Douglas brings the slime this time out.

MacGruber

Val Kilmer, Ryan Phillippe, Will Forte, Kristin Wiig, Maya Rudolph

You really have to salute the courage behind this *Saturday Night Live* sketch-turned-movie: If there's a comic premise that seems to *require* skit-length brevity to work, it's that of Forte's *MacGyver* parody, featuring a hero perpetually tasked with defusing a ticking time bomb—and always distracted. Wiig and Rudolph are the main character's endangered sidekicks, and Kilmer is a nuclear-bomb-hijacking villain called Dieter von Cunth. Expect a lot of jokes to be milked out of that name, and out of other references to body parts.

A Nightmare on Elm Street

Jackie Earle Haley, Rooney Mara, Kyle Gallner

Hear that metallic scraping, like a blade on a rusty tin shack? That's the sound of our nerves being shredded at the prospect of yet another 1980s horror franchise—a fun one, even—being remade by mega producer Michael Bay. And yet, despite the odds stacked against it, we hold out hope for this one. Why? One reason, mainly: Haley. Since earning an Oscar nomination for *Little Children,* Haley's been taking scary seriously; his Rorschach was the best thing about *Watchmen,* and he creeped it up in *Shutter Island*. Expect plenty of CGI nonsense, but a dramatic anchor in the man who's earned the right to don Freddy Krueger's ratty striped sweater.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (*IRON MAN*, TOP) FRANÇOIS DUHAMEL, (*IRON MAN*, LEFT) MARVEL STUDIOS, (*WALL STREET*) BARRY WETCHER

Babewatch
Film Fest Edition

The Cannes Film Festival is one of the world's most prestigious cinema competitions. But what's really important is the world-class booty that makes the South of France sizzle.

By Melissa Anderson

Brigitte Bardot

Brigitte Bardot deserves credit for originating the "actress as sex symbol" aspect of the fest, so yes, you are seeing double. All hail the woman who inspired beautiful starlets to spend May making this gorgeous port city on the French Riviera even more dazzling.

■ **Bibi Andersson** One of Sweden's great beauties, she shared the Best Actress prize in 1958 with her femme costars in *Brink of Life,* helmed by Ingmar Bergman—who would later direct the sultry Scandinavian in the legendary mind trip *Persona* (1966).

Brigitte Bardot

Penélope Cruz

■ **Asia Argento** This Italian sex bomb (daughter of horror maestro Dario) was hailed "the queen of Cannes" in 2007 for three super-kinky star turns: In *Go Go Tales,* she duels tongues with a Rottweiler; in *Boarding Gate,* she strokes her wet pussy; and in *The Last Mistress,* she slurps the blood of her wounded lover.

■ **Brigitte Bardot** In 1953, when the pouty-lipped 18-year-old made her first appearance at the film festival, frolicking in the sand in a bikini, she launched her career as an international sex symbol.

■ **Maggie Cheung** The beauty from Hong Kong was the first Asian Best Actress. She won for playing an ex-junkie in *Clean* (2004), directed by Olivier Assayas, who had the good sense to put her in a skintight rubber suit in his 1996 cult film, *Irma Vep.*

■ **Penélope Cruz** Pedro Almodóvar's raven-haired muse shared Best Actress in 2006 with her five costars in *Volver,* which means "to return." Who wouldn't want to come back to the ultimate Spanish fly?

■ **Julie Delpy** A blonde Franco-American hottie best known for her turns in Richard Linklater's *Before Sunrise* (1995) and *Before Sunset* (2004), Delpy memorably dumps Bill Murray in Jim Jarmusch's *Broken Flowers,* which won the Grand Prix (second prize) in 2005.

■ **Laura Dern** As the insatiable Lula in David Lynch's *Wild at Heart*—which won the Palme d'Or (the top prize) in 1990—Dern can't get enough of her boyfriend, Sailor (Nicolas Cage), begging him, "Baby, you better get me back to that hotel. You got me hotter than Georgia asphalt."

■ **Isabelle Huppert** The ethereally beautiful Frenchwoman was anointed

Asia Argento

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Nastassja Kinski

Sophia Loren

Vanessa Redgrave

January Jones

Gwyneth Paltrow

Best Actress in 1978 for the 1930s-set crime thriller *Violette Nozière.* As a teen secretly working as a hooker, she poisons her bourgeois parents.

■ **Angelina Jolie** Angie made back-to-back impressions: In *A Mighty Heart* (2007), as the widow of a journalist beheaded by terrorists; and in *Changeling* (2008), as a mom reunited with her missing son—who turns out to be an impostor.

■ **January Jones** Before she was *Mad Men*'s MILF, she made a splash as a bored housewife married to a nasty border-patrol officer in *The Three Burials of Melquiades Estrada,* which won Best Screenplay in 2005.

■ **Nastassja Kinski** Two years after starring in the steamy thriller *Cat People,* this foxy Fräulein played a peep-show worker who reconciles with her long-lost husband in *Paris, Texas,* winner of 1984's Palme d'Or.

■ **Mélanie Laurent** Quentin Tarantino's *Inglourious Basterds* was one of the highlights in 2009. We'll never forget this up-and-coming French actress's immortal line: "My name is Shosanna Dreyfus and *this* is the face ... of Jewish vengeance!"

■ **Sophia Loren** Playing down her va-va-voom figure, the Italian love goddess took home the Best Actress prize in 1960 for her *Two Women* portrayal of a Roman mother trying to protect her teenage daughter from the horrors of World War II.

■ **Andie MacDowell** In her breakout role, in Steven Soderbergh's *sex, lies, and videotape,* the Palme d'Or winner of 1989, the Southern belle transitions from sexually repressed housewife to turned-on oversharer—stimulated by a camcorder.

■ **Helen Mirren** Only a performer as versatile as this sexy sexagenarian could star in both the legendary raunch-fest *Caligula* (1979) and the sober biopic *The Queen* (2006). In 1984 she won Best Actress for *Cal* as a woman in love with a younger man, unaware that he killed her husband.

■ **Jeanne Moreau** She's best known for French New Wave classics like *Jules and Jim* (1962), and boasts one of the most luscious mouths ever to grace the screen. Moreau earned the Best Actress award in 1960 as a bourgeois housewife in the cerebral *Moderato Cantabile*.

■ **Gwyneth Paltrow** She plays the shiksa love interest of Joaquin Phoenix's bipolar Jew (though she's arguably crazier) in *Two Lovers,* a buzzed-about film by James Gray that premiered at Cannes in 2008.

■ **Vanessa Redgrave** In 1966—the same year she played a sexy London swinger in *Blow-Up*—Redgrave won Best Actress as a frustrated woman married to a nut job in *Morgan: A Suitable Case for Treatment*.

■ **Hanna Schygulla** This muse of German bad-boy director Rainer Werner Fassbinder in the 1970s was Best Actress in 1983 for what may be her most bizarre role: the sexually unsatisfied wife of a Communist organizer who picks up men and fucks them as she pleases in *The Story of Piera.*

Laura Dern

■ **Uma Thurman** Those bangs! Those dance moves at Jack Rabbit Slim's! That accidental overdose and needle to the heart! Thurman's sultry gangster's moll is certainly the sexiest thing about Quentin Tarantino's 1994 Palme d'Or winner, *Pulp Fiction,* arguably one of the most influential films of the past 20 years.

■ **Susannah York** You might remember her as Superman's mom, but in 1972 this British beauty waltzed off with the Best Actress prize for Robert Altman's freak-out *Images,* playing a children's-book author prone to hallucinations.

Uma Thurman

(NATASSJA KINSKI, SOPHIA LOREN, GWYNETH PALTROW) CAMERA PRESS/ RETNA LTD.; (LAURA DERN, VANESSA REDGRAVE, UMA THURMAN) COURTESY OF EVERETT COLLECTION; (JANUARY JONES) KURT KRIEGER/CORBIS

Reopening the Doors

Almost 40 years after Jim Morrison's 1971 death, award-winning director Tom DiCillo looks back at the seminal rock band in a new documentary.

By Kevin Avery

If you've seen Oliver Stone's *The Doors,* which featured Val Kilmer's remarkable turn as rock poet Jim Morrison, you might think you know all there is to know about the influential band. But in the new documentary *When You're Strange: A Film About the Doors,* director Tom DiCillo uses previously unreleased period footage, including Morrison's own, to reexamine the band's impact on our culture—and on the group itself. He captures the band and Morrison at their peak in a way you've never seen before, unless you're old enough to have seen them perform live.

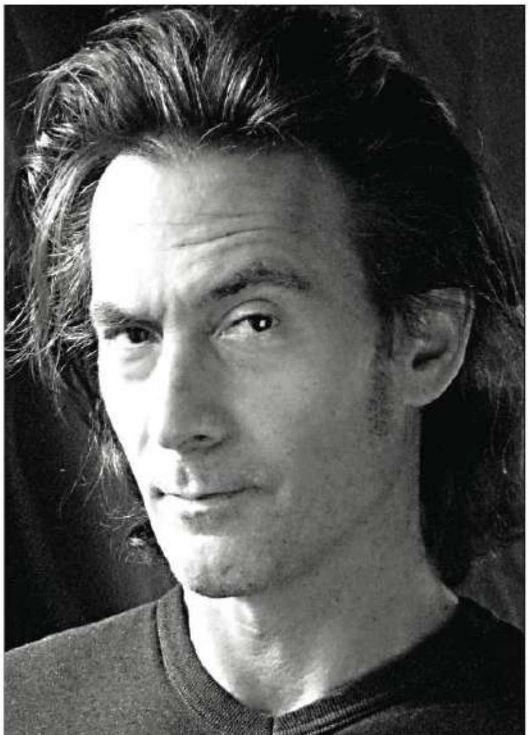
Jac Holzman, the founder of Elektra Records who signed the Doors—Morrison, keyboardist Ray Manzarek, drummer John Densmore, and guitarist Robby Krieger—to a record deal in 1966, called *When You're Strange* "one of the great films about music and the crazy, driven people who have no choice but to create it." Actor Johnny Depp, who narrates, stated, "It simply doesn't get any better than this." Audiences at the Sundance and Berlin film festivals agreed. The movie just hit theaters in limited release, and next month it's airing on PBS's *American Masters* (check your local listings).

For his six previous films, including the acclaimed *Living in Oblivion, Box of Moonlight*, and *Delirious,* DiCillo directed the likes of Brad Pitt, Steve Buscemi, Catherine Keener, Matthew Modine, and Daryl Hannah. *When You're Strange* is his first documentary.

There are images in this film that burn into your brain, like the slow-motion shot of Morrison, floating down to the stage.
I talked to Ray, John, and Robby at length, and discovered that they were so gifted at intuitively watching Morrison—and so skillful, each in their own way, as musicians—that they could just let him go wherever he wanted. He knew when he was up there that whenever he came down he would be okay. I said, "I'm going to try to illustrate that." We took that footage and slowed it down so we could really feel it.

You avoid the usual Doors/Morrison mythologizing.
My intent was to present this historical moment as realistically and accurately as possible. We're getting a glimpse into these four guys—in particular Morrison—in a way that I don't think anybody has seen before.

Early on, when they're asked their occupations in an interview, Morrison flashes an amazing smile that suggests he knew something the rest of the band—and world—didn't.
Morrison, even at that point, was going, "This is a crazy game."



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (DICILLO) COURTESY OF RHINO/STRANGE PICTURES, (THE DOORS) MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES/GETTY IMAGES, (MORRISON) PAUL FERRARA

Johnny Depp's reading of Jim's final words is very moving.
That was incredible. Johnny has a huge connection to Morrison and to the Doors' music, and he brings it.

Did you discover anything about the Doors you didn't know?
I learned that it was a real foursome. It wasn't just Ray, it wasn't just Robby, it wasn't just John. It was the three of them together that enabled Morrison to do what he was going to do.

Your fictional films are very personal. Is it fair to say that you connected to this factual material through Morrison?
I related to his commitment, on a personal level, to just doing what he felt was the right thing. You know, his immediate refusal to let the band use "Light My Fire" for the Buick Opel commercial, even though he was plastered. He said, "We don't make music for commercials."

So you can identify with the "obedience is suicide" line in the movie?
I wrote that. It doesn't mean you say no just for the sake of saying no. But obedience? The main idea is that you have a brain and hopefully you have an experience that has enabled you to see what's going on in the world. But disobedience with clarity of vision, to me that's what art is about.

> "It was a real foursome. It wasn't just Ray, it wasn't just Robby, it wasn't just John. It was the three of them together that enabled Morrison to do what he was going to do."

Why does he tell Manzarek, "Well, the thing is, I don't think I like the game"?
If you listen to some of his exhortations to the crowd, he's not talking about anything really profound. The fact is, Morrison was an incredibly intelligent person. Not just book smart; he also was incredibly smart in terms of creating an image. I think what happened was that it almost immediately got out of his control and made him go, "Here I am, I've got all these people, and all they want to do is come see me sing 'Light My Fire.' I have the potential to do more than that. I'm a poet, I'm a writer, I'm an intellectual. I could change the world, and here I am, just being Elvis."

Despite what Morrison does to himself, *When You're Strange* is a very nonjudgmental movie.
You have to present him like a character in a narrative film. Don't say, "Oh, yeah, he was a drunk." We show that he takes every substance known to man; it doesn't discredit him. What it does is make him more human.

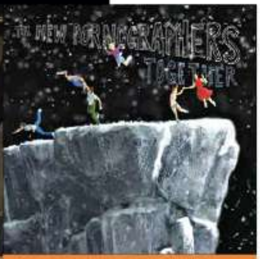
Letting Their Freak Flag Fly

Trippy duo MGMT takes things far afield on their second album, *Congratulations,* which is bound to test the allegiances of even their most hard-core fans.

MGMT
Congratulations
(Columbia)

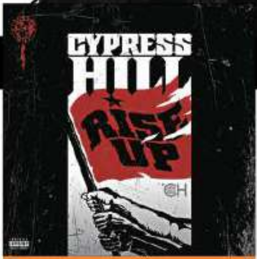
A century ago—okay, in the 1990s—bands would achieve a modicum of mainstream success only to spurn it with an almost vicious petulance. Forget selling out. These artistes would holler at their labels: Try selling *this*! Even Nirvana did it, somewhat, by releasing the scuffed-up *In Utero* on the heels of the blockbuster *Smells Like Teen Spirit*. We are reminded of those days after listening to the insane second album by psych-disco duo MGMT. *Congratulations* contains nothing comparable to joyfully dancey older singles like "Time to Pretend" or "Kids." Instead, there are 12-minute freak-folk jams about surfing. Oh, and there are flutes. Many flutes. We salute MGMT for following their muse, but do they really expect listeners to come along?

BY ANDY GREENWALD



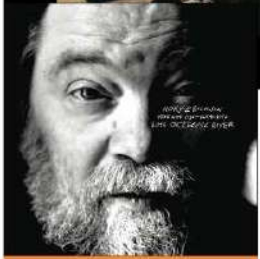
THE NEW PORNOGRAPHERS
Together
(Matador)

The New Pornographers began as a semi-supergroup—uniting Canadian popsmiths A. C. Newman and Dan Bejar (Destroyer) with alt-country belter Neko Case—but they've blossomed into something reliably super. Their fifth album is their most rewarding yet, fusing the irresistible bombast of their early work with the more nuanced songwriting of 2007's *Challengers*. Bejar shines on the spiky pop of "Silver Jenny Dollar," but Case, as usual, steals the show with the indelible "My Shepherd." To paraphrase the Supreme Court: You might not be able to define New Pornography precisely—but you'll love it when you hear it.



CYPRESS HILL
Rise Up
(Priority)

"My appetite is enormous, like that of a cannibal," raps B-Real on his L.A. hip-hop trio's first album in six years. You know what that means: munchies! Cypress Hill is back and still smoking to excess: The swampy, sticky "Pass the Dutch" (the lone track produced by cofounder DJ Muggs) is a reminder of dorm rooms past. Attempts at branching out also get sticky, though not always in the best sense: While the exuberant Doobie Brothers–sampling "Armada Latina" is a bilingual triumph, two Tom Morello–aided forays into rap-rock fall flat. Still, when B-Real urges us to "legalize, don't criticize"—well, who are we to argue?



ROKY ERICKSON WITH OKKERVIL RIVER
True Love Cast Out All Evil
(Anti-)

At 19, Texas songwriter Roky Erickson and his band, the 13th Floor Elevators, had a minor hit with "You're Gonna Miss Me." A few years later he was receiving electroshock treatments in a state mental hospital for the criminally insane. His crime? Schizophrenia—and possessing a single joint. (And this was in 1968!) Now, Erickson's story gets a happy boost with the help of fellow Texans Okkervil River. *True Love* is a revelatory meditation on a rough life that somehow never sounds anything less than hopeful. In Erickson's battered twang, the title is transformed from a wish into a belief. This is redemptive and remarkable stuff.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CYPRESS HILL) JAMES MINCHIN, (MGMT) JOSH CHEUSE, (THE NEW PORNOGRAPHERS) JASON CREPS

REVIEWS

Alan Wake

★★★★★

MICROSOFT (XBOX 360)

This suspenseful, action-based cliffhanger is a great start to what we hope will be a long-running series.

You're a novelist famous for writing thrillers who is suffering from a nasty case of writer's block. In an attempt to cure it, you and your wife go on vacation to an idyllic coastal town in the Pacific Northwest. Unfortunately, when you go to pick up the key to your cabin at a local diner, the chirpy waitress—who happens to be obsessed with you—sends you down a long, very dark hallway to find the landlord. All you find is a witchy woman who gives you the creeps ... and the key.

The next thing you know, you're waking up in your crashed car and your wife is missing. When you start looking for her, you discover that a mysterious presence is hunting you down. It thrives in the dark; can control people, animals, and inanimate objects; and can be defeated only with light. To complicate matters, you've also written a book, and the solution to finding both your wife and your way out of this awful place is to find the pages; the events in the book, however, become real as you collect those pages, and all you can do is fight off the encroaching evil with the help of flares, flashlights, spotlights, and—yes!—powerful guns.

Just be sure to hold on to charged batteries so you don't get dead.

★★★★

2010 FIFA WORLD CUP: SOUTH AFRICA

EA (XBOX 360, PS3, WII, PSP)

You can yell at the television all you like, but you can't control the fact that America is not going to win the World Cup. In this realistic fantasy world, though, your dreams could come true. The developers have once again captured the exhilarating feel of the unpredictable race for the cup. You have 199 teams to choose from, some of which play better at certain altitudes, as well as the ten official fields in South Africa to play on.

Rocks: Smarter chest traps allow you to better position the ball the first time. There's an improved response time for the players, including the goalie. You have the ability to pass with your chest or shoulder. There's intuitive globe-spanning multiplayer matchups, and new commentary from Clive Tyldesley and Andy Townsend.

Flops: As of press time, there's no word on whether or not there's a fine for trash talking about an opponent's mother.

MERTESACKER
17
2010 FIFA WORLD CUP
FOOTBALL FOR HOPE

BY REBECCA SWANNER

RED DEAD REDEMPTION
ROCKSTAR GAMES (XBOX 360, PS3)

The Wild West was a violent place, full of shoot-outs, bar fights, and robber bandits. What company is better equipped to take gamers to those good ole days than the one that created *Grand Theft Auto*? In this sequel to *Red Dead Revolver,* you're John Marston, an outlaw blackmailed by the government into capturing his former gang members.
Rocks: You get to freely roam this unruly world either on foot or on a trusty steed, and can test your skill with your revolver, lasso, knife, and other weapons against a variety of wildlife. You'll find out just how tough it was to be a reformed gunslinger back in the day.
Flops: There are brothels, but the likelihood of Marston getting busy with a prostitute is nil.

NIER
SQUARE-ENIX (XBOX 360, PS3)

Most Japanese roleplaying games are interminably long with plodding plots. Not this one. Okay, we lied, sort of. It's long, but intriguing. As Nier, you're on a quest to cure your daughter of the Black Scrawl. Many twists and turns make your task difficult, and you start to wonder whom you can trust and just what is reality.
Rocks: The crazy, brutal combat requires you to use your sword and a series of powerful spells linked to pages in the Grimoire Weiss. You'll slaughter plenty of bad guys; your main enemy, the Shades, are dark creatures that hunt those afflicted with the disease. There's an interesting mix of camera angles, from bird's-eye to side-scrolling.
Flops: Though not technically a "bad element," Nier's companion Kaine is one hot hermaphrodite. Guess that's what happens in their world after someone is possessed by a demon.

POWER
START
SELECT
X
Y
A
B

Supersize Your Portable Gaming

It would seem that someone at Nintendo decided to make the DS, long a favorite of kids and chicks, appealing for men. This version of the popular portable device is easier for larger-handed guys to manipulate and has more grown-up appeal. The beefed-up DSi XL sports two screens that are 93 percent bigger than those of its predecessor (each screen is 4.2 inches), easier to see at a variety of angles, and have less glare than those of either the DS Lite or the DSi. The XL also boasts more powerful speakers, a longer battery life, and a retooled stylus that resembles a ballpoint pen.
Titles: The DSi will support all the same titles as the DS and original DSi, and games that require drawing or on-screen manipulation of objects—such as the new *WarioWare DIY,* in which you create your own mini-games from scratch or by modifying portions of existing mini-games or any real-time strategy title—will be that much easier with the enlarged screens and stylus. This is one time when size does matter.

DEMENTIUM II
SOUTHPEAK (DS)

The Ward was a creepy game full of eerie scenes, including abandoned blood-splattered nurseries and monstrous characters that dragged off innocent victims and hunted you for pleasure. This new game is even worse, in a good way.
Rocks: The addition of more checkpoints and an overhauled map make for less frustration. The new weapon—a sledgehammer—is a godsend when you run out of ammo. The graphics are much better this time around, which helps you get into the story more easily.
Flops: The Survival Mode is only levels you've unlocked, making it too repetitive until you open up most of the game.

BY RACHEL KRAMER BUSSEL

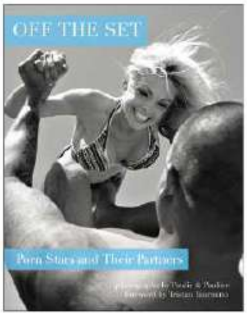
Clockwise from left: Samantha Ryan, Rich Taylor and Jesse Jane, Kylie Ireland

Downtime in the Valley

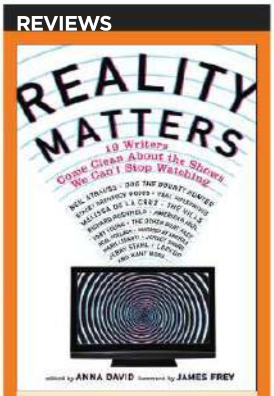
A new coffee-table book of essays and candid photos shows porn stars doing everything—except their day jobs.

Off the Set: Porn Stars and Their Partners
By Paulie and Pauline
Aural Pink Press

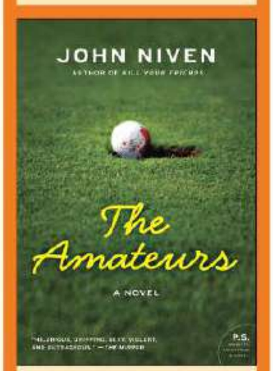
Off the Set is a coffee-table photo book for people who love pornography and want to know more, such as, what's it like to be a polyamorous adult-film star? That is, to have sex for money but also be in love (and not with your costars). This handsome volume is loaded with candid photos of now-exes Tera Patrick and Evan Seinfeld, Jessie Jane, Lorelei Lee, and busty Kylie Ireland, along with others. There are also essays by photographers Paulie and Pauline and the stars themselves that offer intimate glimpses into their homes and everyday lives. *Family Business* stars Seymore Butts and Mari Possa write each other dirty love letters, while Madison Young relates what it means to her to be an idealist who fucks for money. This book treats porn seriously, and its stars shine when given the chance to exhibit all of themselves, not just the naughty bits.



REVIEWS


REALITY MATTERS
19 Writers Come Clean About the Shows We Can't Stop Watching
edited by ANNA DAVID foreword by JAMES FREY

Whether you love or hate reality shows, you can't deny that their ridiculousness offers plenty of material for writers to riff on. And riff these veterans do, in this volume from It Books. *Permanent Midnight* author Jerry Stahl expounds on *Lockup,* Neil Strauss (*The Game*) wants to hunt down Dog the Bounty Hunter, and Richard Rushfield (*Don't Follow Me, I'm Lost*) gets a tattoo at the behest of an *American Idol* entrant—and remains proud. Fun, funny, and surprising.



You don't have to love golf to thoroughly enjoy this rollicking and at times howlingly funny Harper Perennial novel about the game. Niven packs his propulsive tale—about a duffer who becomes a world-beater after getting beaned by an errant drive—with gangsters, sex, violence, and pitch-perfect, hilariously filthy, Scottish-accented dialogue. He also sneaks in some bona fide insights about family, and gratifying plotlines of revenge, romance, and friendship.—*John Bolster*

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10 Exercises for Super Sex

Some philosophers say the most important love muscle is the brain. We beg to differ.

By Steven Shawn • Illustrations by Chris Philpot

No matter how turned-on you may be when having sex, it's your body that has to do the work. With the right exercises, your muscles will be more powerful, your heart stronger, your erection harder. Plus, you'll have better control over how long you last. It's critical to target the zones of the body that are called into play for the sex act. Don't worry, we're not going to ask you to lift weights with your penis, but we will show you a workout guaranteed to boost sexual performance.

Read on for the plan.

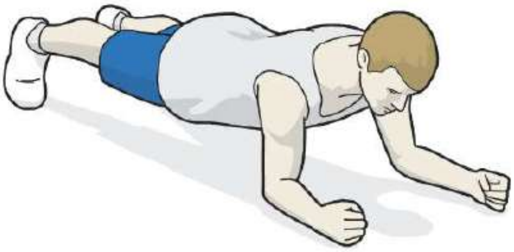
KEGELS

What they do: increase staying power

Kegel exercises work the PC (short for pubococcygeus) muscle, which has everything to do with both the firmness of your erection and how long you last. “The idea is that, at the point where you’re about to ejaculate, you clench the PC hard, and that prevents the ejaculation,” says E. Douglas Whitehead, M.D., founder and director of the Association for Male Sexual Dysfunction in New York City.

The move: You can’t see the PC muscle, as it’s located in your lower pelvis, between your anus and testicles. To locate it, flex the muscles you use to stop peeing. The goal is about 100 reps (clenching and unclenching) per day. Start with one set of ten reps at each mealtime. Build up to three sets of ten reps at each meal and add more reps while you’re stuck in traffic or watching *SportsCenter.* For more info, check out KegelExercisesForMen.com

Bonus: You don’t need to go to the gym to do this exercise. You can do it anywhere, and no one will know.



PLANKS

What they do: strengthen your core

The core region of the body, consisting of your abdomen, butt, and lower back muscles, is critical to better sex, as you rely on these muscles for thrusting.

The move: Lie facedown on an exercise mat. Lift your head and align your forearms so your elbows are directly under your shoulders. Now lift your body up, balancing your weight on your forearms and toes. Keep your body in a straight line. (Your back should be flat, not arched, and your butt should not be sticking up in the air.) Hold this position for as long as you can, working up to a full minute. Rest for 30 seconds, then repeat two more times.

SQUATS

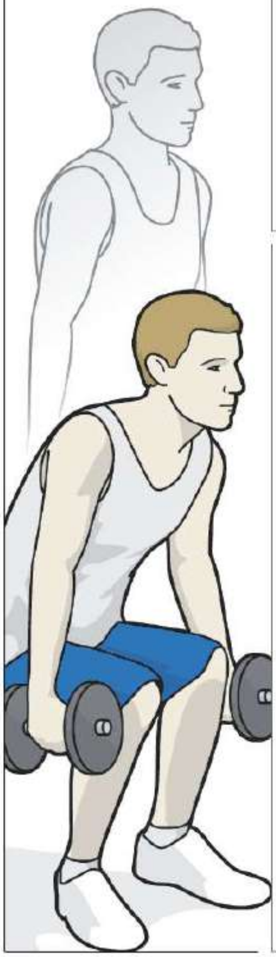
What they do: work glutes (butt muscles)

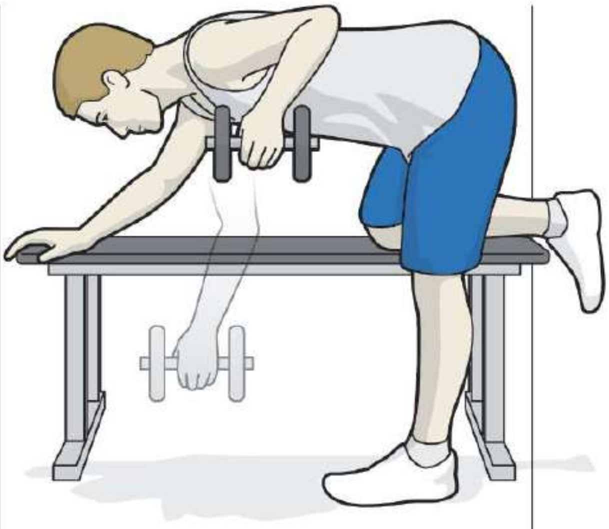
These muscles are key to supporting woman-on-top positions.

The move: Stand with your feet a few inches apart, toes pointed slightly outward. Hold a barbell across your shoulders, or hold a dumbbell in each hand at your sides. Keep your back straight as you bend at the knees and slowly squat as low as possible. Return to a standing position. Complete three sets of ten reps.

Other options: If you don’t have free weights, do the same move without them. To make it a real thigh-burner, lean back as you get to the bottom of the move (thighs parallel to the floor), clench your butt muscles, and hold for a count of ten. Complete three sets of ten.

Bonus: These will make you look better in jeans.





BENT-OVER ROWS

What they do: work trapezius muscles (shoulders) and upper back

These muscles, together with the chest and shoulders, are called into play to support your partner’s weight in wheelbarrow/against-the-wall positions.

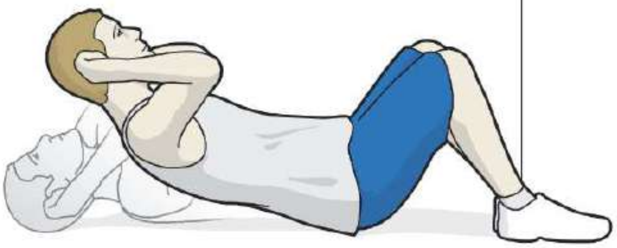
The move: Place a dumbbell on the floor beside an exercise bench or a low piece of furniture with a soft surface, such as a couch. Stand with your right knee on the bench. Lean forward and rest your right hand on the bench for support. Your left foot should be flat on the ground, slightly back and to the side of your right knee. Lean over and grasp the dumbbell with your left hand, then lift it until it touches your ribs. Lower the weight toward the floor until your arm is fully extended. Complete three sets of ten with each arm. To see a video of this move that illustrates the correct posture, go to ExRx.net and search “dumbbell bent-over row.”

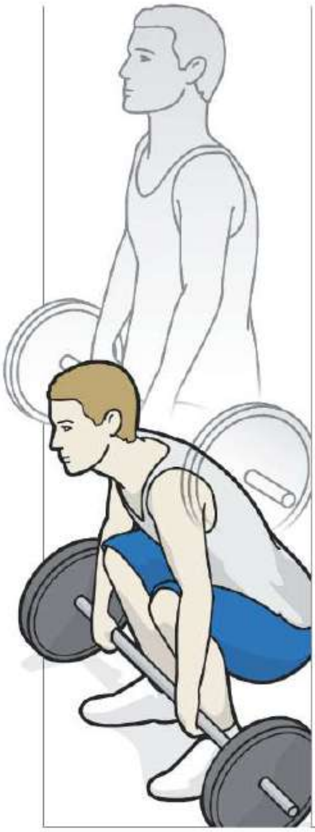
CRUNCHES

What they do: strengthen your core

Crunches zero in on your abs. This is a simple exercise, but one that’s frequently done wrong.

The move: Lie on your back on an exercise mat with knees bent, feet flat on the floor. Place your hands alongside your ears, but don’t clutch at your ears or clasp your head. Roll your upper body forward, raising your head no more than six inches off the ground. At the highest point, hold, breathe deeply, and clench your abdominal muscles. Don’t sit all the way up, or you’ll be working your hip-flexor muscles rather than your abs.



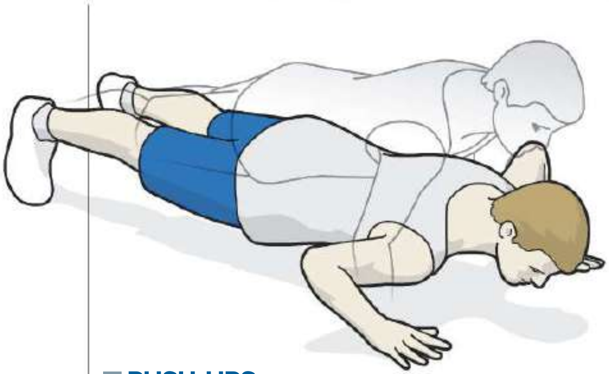


DEADLIFT

What it does: builds everything from core strength to back strength to gripping strength

This powerful move is passionately advocated by bodybuilders for its all-purpose strength-building qualities. "The deadlift builds unparalleled mass while strengthening all the major muscle groups," writes personal trainer David Robson, a former bodybuilder who placed second in the 1997 World Natural Championships.

The move: Set a barbell or two dumbbells on the floor in front of you. Stand with feet just a bit more than shoulder-width apart. Squat down and grasp the barbell with both hands. Then, slowly and steadily—keeping your back straight—lift the barbell until you are upright. Repeat for as many reps as you can do, up to ten. Build up to three sets of ten reps.



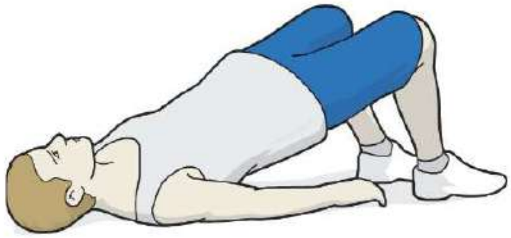
PUSH-UPS

What they do: build shoulder and chest muscles

You'll need these muscles to support yourself above your partner in the missionary position.

The move: This is another classic that's often done incorrectly. Get it right and it's a great exercise that doesn't require a trip to the gym. To begin, lie facedown on an exercise mat. Place your hands palms down alongside your shoulders. Press up with your palms until your body is off the ground and your arms are almost fully extended. (Careful not to push too high—your elbows shouldn't lock at the top of the move.) Your body should be straight, no butt in the air. Lower until your chest is almost touching the mat. Repeat as many times as you can, up to ten for starters. Build up to three sets of ten reps, and when that becomes easy, do more sets of ten until your arms are fatigued.

Advanced variation: To give more work to the chest muscles, do push-ups with your hands wider apart. To target triceps and back muscles, do them with your hands close together—your thumbs and index fingers should form a diamond.

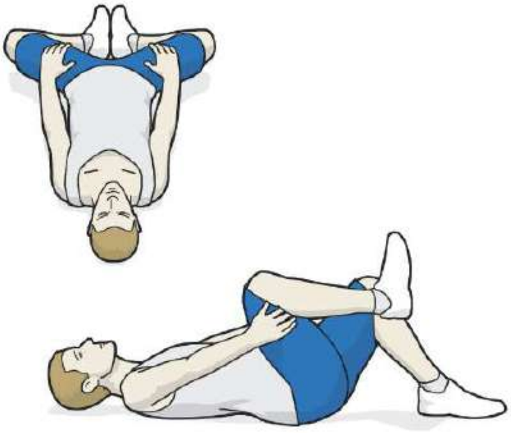


PELVIC LIFTS

What they do: work the butt and pelvis

These muscles are critical for all woman-on-top positions.

The move: Lie on your back on an exercise mat with knees bent and feet flat on the floor, slightly apart. Your arms should be extended, hands flat on the mat, a few inches from your sides. Clenching your glutes, lift your butt off the floor until your back is straight. (Don't arch it.) Your weight should be evenly distributed between your arms, which should be touching the mat from shoulder to palm, and your feet. Hold briefly, then lower. Shoot for three sets of ten reps.



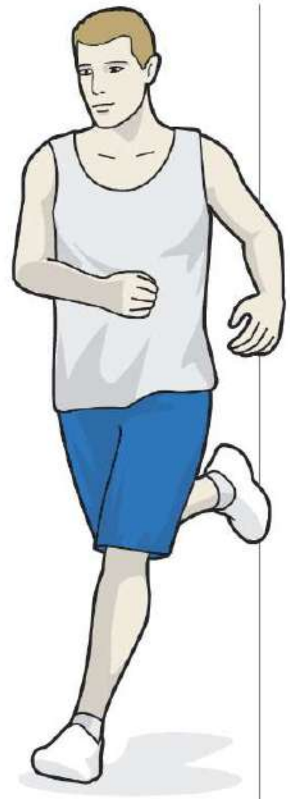
BUTTERFLY AND HIP STRETCHES

What they do: keep your groin muscles limber and flexible and your thrusting muscles loose

Flexibility is key when it comes to sex. Plus, regular stretching wards off mood-killing leg cramps.

The moves: For the butterfly stretch, which loosens the groin muscles, lie on your back, with feet flat and knees bent. Reach down and pull both heels in toward your buttocks, touching your feet together. Your knees should be out to the side. Let your knees drop slowly toward the mat. Then place your hands on your inner thighs and press gently downward. Count to 30, then release. Repeat three to five times.

For hip stretches, which will loosen up your thrusting muscles, lie on a mat with your knees bent and your feet flat on the floor. Put both hands behind one thigh and pull your knee up toward your chest. Hold for 30 seconds, then rest. Repeat three to five times with each leg.



AEROBIC EXERCISE

What it does: boosts stamina and endurance

The huff-and-puff exercises—fast walking, running, swimming, biking—have circulatory benefits. Good blood flow is vital to firmer erections, not to mention preventing you from sacking out during long sessions in the sack.

The move: You know what to do. Get out there and run, walk, swim, or ride for at least half an hour, six days a week. You want to work out hard enough to get your heart rate into what's known as the "training zone." You can measure this as 65 to 75 percent of your maximum heart rate if you're on one of those aerobic machines at the gym with a heart-rate monitor, or approximate it by using the talk test. Simply put, if you can talk easily while exercising, you're not working hard enough. If your talking is labored, you're just about right. If you can't talk at all and you're gasping for air, you're working out too hard.

iPad

Apple • $499 to $829, depending on model

Hype of biblical proportions preceded the February press conference at which Apple CEO Steve Jobs held aloft an iPad tablet and pronounced it "magical." Turns out the device is little more than an iPod Touch zapped by an anti-shrink ray. It offers the same email, web-browsing, app-playing, and multimedia functions, all scaled up for a beautifully crisp ten-inch display. Techies lament the lack of universal storage options, compatibility with Flash-based websites, and a camera for video chat, but we think it's a well-rounded road companion. Besides, new apps and games make up for it. When you factor in its access to Apple's new iBookstore, the iPad is the sexiest e-reader alternative to Amazon's geeky Kindle.

Trippy Tech

Now that it's the season of both spring break and summer-vacation prep, it's time for gear that moves you.

By Crispin Boyer

Activa fitness MP3 player

Philips • $130

Move
PHILIPS

If life were a movie, you could go from rotund to ripped in one peppy musical montage. Philips' sporty Activa audio player offers the closest equivalent, harnessing the motivational power of your music collection to make you move better, stronger, and faster. Once it's loaded with songs (it can hold about 500) and strapped to your arm, the Activa senses the speed of your jogging, pedaling, rowing, etc. Then its proprietary software chooses a tune that matches your tempo, while a female virtual coach coos encouraging words. (You can also choose a male coach or a drill sergeant.) Sprint into overdrive and you're rewarded with a "boost" song of your choosing. Just don't dawdle or you might get Rickrolled.

Boogie Board

Improv Electronics • $30

Never scramble for scrap paper again. This ultrathin LCD tablet lets you jot down thoughts and doodles, then wipe the slate clean faster than you can shake a design off an Etch A Sketch. The screen itself—which is about half the size of a sheet of letterhead—is just a no-frills digital chalkboard, but you can whip up monochrome masterpieces with any input device at hand, from a paintbrush to your fingernail. What it lacks in sophistication (you can't save your work or erase just part of the screen), it makes up for with a marathon battery life and a bargain price.

IMPROV ELECTRONICS
Boogie Board
LCD Writing Tablet
Grocery List:
✓ milk
eggs
cheese
bread
1+2=3
ABC
abc
aB
O
O X
O

Weekender duffel

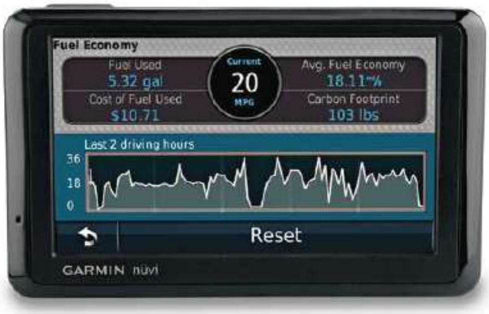
Killspencer • $375

Talk about packing heat. Los Angeles–based Killspencer makes stylish, hard-to-kill bags from reclaimed military materials—Humvee tarps from Iraq, canvas that saw action in Korea, and new battle-tested twill that not even the A-Team could tear (you specify your fabric of choice when you order). The company's water-resistant, flame-retardant Weekender is roomy enough to stow a laptop and duds for quick stealth missions to Las Vegas, but tough enough for rough landings in Kandahar. Optional accessories include a $15 retractable wall mount that will keep the Weekender accessible and ready for duty.

ecoRoute HD

Garmin • $150

Now you don't have to be Knight Rider to see what's on your car's mind. Plug this into the diagnostics port under your dash to broadcast all manner of data to your Garmin GPS device (sold separately). Monitor miles per gallon, engine load, intake-manifold pressure—we're talking hot auto-erotica. By teaming up with your GPS device, it promises gas-saving navigation while livening up road trips with scores for fuel-efficient acceleration and braking. It even acts as a Rosetta Stone for engine warnings, letting you diagnose issues without a mechanic.



Dash

Sony • $200

If going an entire night disconnected from the online world is enough to give you the shakes, Sony has your fix. Dash, its portable "personal internet viewer," made with your nightstand, office, or kitchen counter in mind, taps into any Wi-Fi connection to provide instant access to more than 1,300 apps. You can access everything from Twitter to traffic updates to far-flung webcams through its seven-inch touch screen; it also supports internet radio stations, Netflix instant streaming, and online video services. Assign the alarm to the YouTube video of your choice and never slap snooze again.

The new 3-D TVs are a great living room upgrade, although the price might mean skipping the vacation this summer.

VT25 3-D HDTV

Panasonic • $2,500 and up

TV makers are betting big that the titanic success of *Avatar* will forerun huge demand for 3-D in the living room. Panasonic is first to market with its VT25 series of 3-D plasmas. Each set comes with two pairs of LCD glasses that decode the TV's supersharp 3-D 1080p display for each eyeball. You'll need extra pairs to share the experience, and at an estimated $50 a pop, they're worth their weight in unobtanium. Keep in mind that you'll need to pair the TV with a 3-D source—a compatible Blu-ray player and 3-D disc, a game console playing a 3-D game, or a cable box tuned to one of the host of debuting 3-D channels. (Yes, 3-D porn is in the works.) As always, the experience means sacrificing style—the glasses still look dorky.

THE HOTTEST KIND OF KARMA

You may not be familiar with Fisker Automotive, but the small company is about to make big waves with its stunning plug-in hybrid.

By Bill Heald

The automotive world is getting a bit more complicated. For more than a century, we got along fine with just an internal combustion engine. But now, thanks to fuel-consumption and environmental concerns, engineers have been doing some serious tinkering and hybrids are becoming mainstream. Most famous is the Toyota Prius, which uses a battery-powered electric motor to contribute to the propulsion of the car so it can run on the motor, the gas engine, or both together. The Honda Insight, however, uses a motor to basically help out the engine so you can get acceptable performance out of a much smaller gas mill.

Now we're entering the realm of mixed-power drivetrains known as plug-in hybrids. The first big-production version will be the Chevy Volt, due out next year, which has an electric motor with a battery pack that you charge by plugging it in. There's still a gas engine onboard, so if the batteries run out of juice the mill fires up to charge them and keep you on the move. This differs from a full electric like the Tesla Roadster; when its batteries run down you need an electrical outlet or you ain't going nowhere.

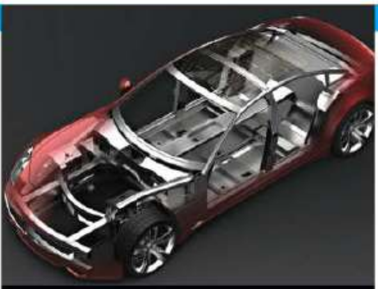
As interesting a concept as the Volt is, the car itself is far from fast, and even further from stimulating to gaze upon—unlike the Fisker Karma, which is the complete opposite of the frumpish Chevy. Created by a small company staffed with designers and engineers harvested from all over the auto industry, the Karma is not only a plug-in hybrid loaded with innovative technology, it's also a groundbreaking sedan that sets a new benchmark for sensuous, cutting-edge styling. When you walk around its long, lean form, everything seems to flow just right. There's two-plus-two seating, thanks to the huge lithium-ion battery pack that runs through the center of the cabin like a huge console; it can be charged using a 110- or 220-volt outlet, and once fully juiced, it can power the electric motors that drive the rear wheels for around 50 miles. This aspect of the Karma's Q-Drive system is called Stealth Mode (the gas engine is asleep), and once it's past this point the turbocharged Ecotec engine fires up and generates electricity that directly powers the motors. The engine also comes into play when you select Power Mode (using a paddle switch on the steering wheel), so this swoopy ride has an engine that's only onboard to serve as a portable power plant that delivers precious electrons to the drive motors. This is an interesting setup, because it's logical to assume that in time you could substitute some other kind of generator (like a fuel cell). The drivetrain just needs a source of electricity to launch you down your favorite back road.

And while it's a super eco-friendly machine both in emissions and fuel use (an estimated 67 miles per gal-

lon, although the more you plug it in, the less gas you use), it's also a rocket. With more than 400 horsepower, tractor-like torque, and a sophisticated, fully independent suspension mated to a stout, lightweight aluminum space frame, the Karma will flat-out rock while doing its bit to save the planet and slash your need for petroleum. Of course, in the babe-magnet category it's in a class of its own, for to see a Fisker in person is to see an entity that effortlessly lures in all comers. Production starts this spring, and a convertible is in the works as well—just in time for summer.

GENERATE
ACCELERATE
STEALTH
F
E

With its alluring body, unique hybrid power plant, and futuristic interior, the Fisker Karma offers a bold new blend of efficiency and performance.



SPECIFICATIONS	
Body style	Four-door, four-passenger sedan
Engine	Two-liter turbo four/two 150 kW electric motors
Power	403 horsepower
Torque	959 foot-pounds
Transmission	Direct drive
Front tires	245/35R22
Rear tires	265/35R22
Curb weight	Not available at press time

PERFORMANCE	
0–60	5.8 seconds
Top speed	95 mph Stealth Mode; 125 mph Sport Mode
Fuel capacity	Not available at press time
EPA mpg	67 combined
Price (as tested)	$87,900

PLUG IN HYBRID

GET GOING ALREADY!

New travel rules make trips stressful enough. Keep your vacation going smoothly with these essentials.

By Rebecca Swanner

OhSo Travel Toothbrush

$15 • GoOhSo.com

Face it: Travel toothbrushes can get pretty gross. How many times have you jammed yours into its nasty plastic holder? Or do you just throw it in your travel case, loose and still damp? Those bristles will end up as germ-ridden as a public toilet seat. This stylish toothbrush comes with a vented cap (so the brush dries completely), replaceable bristles, and a cartridge that automatically dispenses toothpaste onto the brush with a simple turn of the rubberized knob. Now all you have to do is figure out how to keep your girlfriend from using it.

75lb
Twist to Reset
TRAVELON
TRAVELON
75lbs/34Kgs.
39"/100cm
TRAVEL BASICS

Travelon Luggage Scale

$12 • Flight001.com

Now that so many airlines charge for bags, especially if they're overweight, it's important to avoid any surprises when checking in for your flight. Travelon's luggage scale can help you avoid some of the heavy lifting. Just slide the metal hook under your bag's handle and lift. The device will lock at an accurate weight up to 75 pounds, and comes with a handy tape measure so you can ensure you won't have to check an oversize carry-on.

Moshi Voice-Control Travel Alarm Clock

$25 • MoshiLifestyle.com

If there's one thing we've learned, it's don't trust hotel alarm clocks or the hotel staff to wake you up in the morning. If you're not tethered to your smart phone, snatch up this palm-size, voice-controlled alarm clock. You can just yell at it when you really need to snooze—or if your hands aren't free. It will listen dutifully when you tell it what time to wake you up and let you know the current time in a pleasant female voice, which is exactly what you need after a wild night of overindulging.

MOSHI
LIGHT / SNOOZE
12:30
9:00

PLACE YOUR DRIPPING
WET SUIT
IN THIS BAG AWAY FROM YOUR DRY CLOTHES.
FLIGHT 001
1 WET SUIT BAG / FOR SUITS AND TRUNKS
GO CLEAN

Go Clean Wet Suit Bag

$18 • Flight001.com

When that hottie in the pool is begging you to join her, but you've got an hour before you leave for your flight, the last thing you want to worry about is packing a wet swimsuit in your luggage. No worries. This mildew-proof drawstring pouch is specially designed to keep your suit from developing that certain smell and from soaking your other clothes. Now you can concentrate on wrapping up your quickie in time.

Give-N-Go Underwear

$18 to $36 • ExOfficio.com

Doing laundry on vacation sucks. Scraping together the euro coins you need to do your laundry is even worse. Give-N-Go boxers, briefs, and T-shirts will be your saviors. Because they're designed to air-dry in a matter of hours, a couple of pairs can get you through a monthlong trip. The specially treated material is bacteria- and odor-resistant, so if you're on the road for a day or so, no one will be the wiser. You'll have more room in your luggage for more important things.

Dual Wattage International Converter Set

$44 • EagleCreek.com

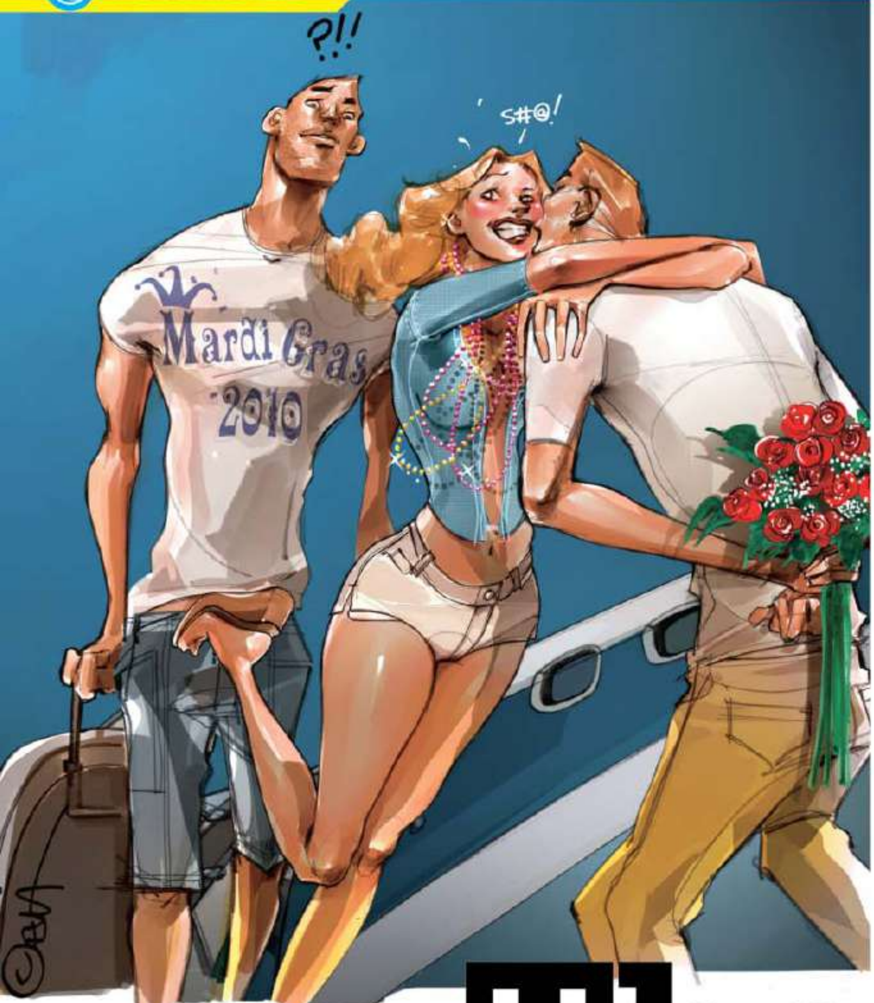
What? This doesn't scream sex? Maybe not, but it's a must-have if you're traveling beyond the U.S. border. Nothing sucks more than putting your motorcycle tour of India on hold as you try to locate one of these buggers overseas. With these five adapters, you'll be able to stay charged in places you've never even considered visiting—like Siberia. Imagine being a hero to some pretty young thing who can't get her hair dryer to work.

SteriPEN Journey LCD Handheld Water Purifier

$100 • SteriPEN.com

When that annoying eco-conscious voice starts nagging you about buying bottled water, your usual solution may be to drown it in a craft beer. If, however, you occasionally feel the urge to stick with water, this little gadget will come in handy. Does this mean you can fill your water bottle from a stream in Mexico or South America? Well, according to the manufacturer, dipping the purifier into a one-liter bottle of water for 90 seconds (48 seconds for a half-liter) destroys more than 99.9 percent of harmful microorganisms. Let Montezuma take his revenge on somebody else.

SCOUNDREL



The Big Easy

Sometimes that great new girl seems too good to be true for a reason. Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to spot the difference between a woman on the rebound and one who's just plain trouble.

Illustration by Celia Calle

Dear Scoundrel,
I recently met this girl at a bar and we hung out drinking. When she told me she was going to New Orleans a few days later, I said I'd always wanted to go. She invited me to come with her, then told me I was uptight when I said I had too much going on at work. To prove her wrong, I went online on my phone right there and bought a ticket on her flight. Of course, the next day I woke up wondering why the hell I had agreed to go to New Orleans with a total stranger.

Luckily, we hit it off, and the trip was amazing: boning in the boneyards, putting Mardi Gras beads where God never intended, screwing in the bathroom of a bowling alley—the whole shebang. This girl was beyond cool. On the flight home we made plans to go straight to my place and keep the party going, but get this: Her boyfriend surprised her at the airport. She acted like I was someone she had met on the plane and gave me a polite good-bye, then called me an hour later from the bathroom of the apartment she shares with the guy, explaining that she's "in the process of getting out of a bad relationship." She said she was too embarrassed to tell me about it during the trip. She wants to see me as soon as possible, but I'm thinking she's trouble. And part of me is really creeped out by the fact that the boyfriend looks a lot like me! Should I just punt this girl away like I'm Thomas Morstead?

Dude, that is brutal. You got played like the piano at Pat O'Brien's. (Great bar, by the way. I remember it fondly, though barely.) Here's the thing: Y'all were probably severely daiquiri-tarded and she was probably too busy gathering beads to gather her thoughts. That said, this situation sounds stickier than fingers after ... well, an order of beignets. She's living with a guy who *looks* like you? My guess is the dude is a hand-wringing mouth-breather who stayed home because he had a PowerPoint presentation to prepare. (Surprising her at the airport? Who *does* that?) She's into you because you're the impulsive jetting-to-N'awlins-on-a-whim version of him. Or so she thinks. The trouble is, the second you want to spend a Sunday watching the game instead of giving her a Big O on one of the big O's of the Hollywood sign, she's going to say *you're* no fun. Then guess who she's going to call? That's right—the doting ex. If you really want to go down this road, here's my advice: Tell her that for your first real date, you want her to make dinner for you at her house. That way you can make sure the boyfriend and his protractors really are out of the picture, and find out if she's capable of having a good time on her home turf, not just choking your chicken in the bathroom of a Popeye's.

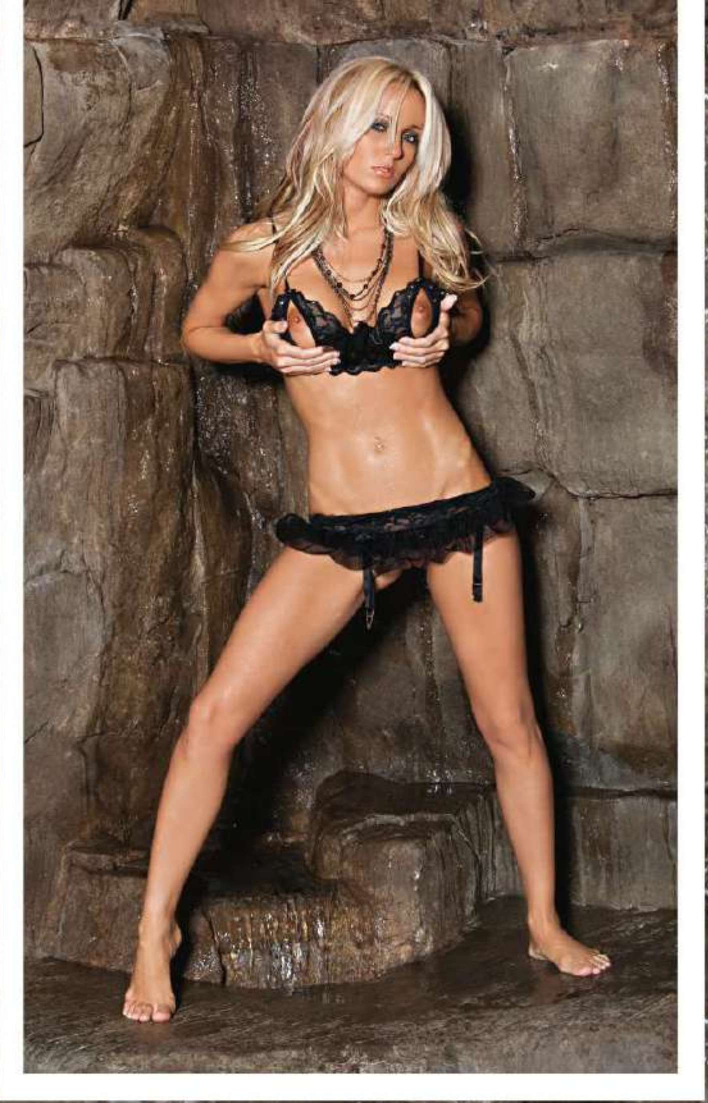
The Most Extensive Online Porn Collection

Get over **4000 movies, 2000 scenes, 7000 porn stars** and **10 new movies** a day all from your computer for just **$9.95** a month.

Get your free preview!

HotBox.com

warrior princess



It's time for naughty-nurse fantasies, or warrior-princess fantasies, or plain old hot-blonde porn-star fantasies. Cody Love, a 24-year-old nursing student, inspires us in many ways—especially when she strikes a pose like this before saying, "If I could be anyone in history, I would be a great warrior." Of course, it's all part of her desire to help others, which is what makes this 34-24-34 stunner happy. She's certainly made us happy.

Photographs by Tammy Sands

"Because I'm in school, I'm a porn star only part-time, but I love it! I get to work with beautiful, outgoing people, and I get paid to get off."

"During a photo shoot, there's nothing hotter than thinking about the men and women who will see my pictures. I get so turned on when I think about people touching themselves as they look at me."

"I'm pretty adventurous. I'll try anything once, I love to fantasize about group sex, and I've had sex with strangers under a lot of circumstances. I really love it! It gives me a rush."

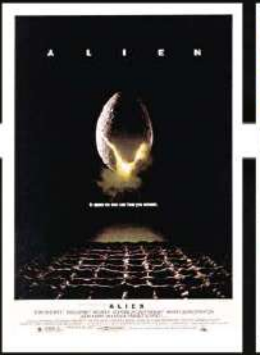
"If I had to choose between losing my right arm and my ability to have orgasms, I would definitely give up my arm. I need orgasms! That's what keeps me going."

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA.
GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM.
SEE MORE OF CODY AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

The Talented Mr. Ridley

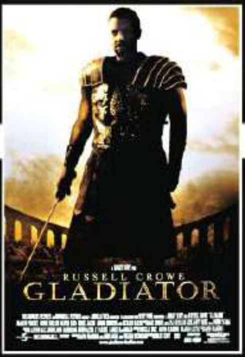
British director **Ridley Scott** has been making commercials and movies—and casting actors in career-defining roles—for 40 years. You may not know his face, but **you know his films.**

By Craig Modderno

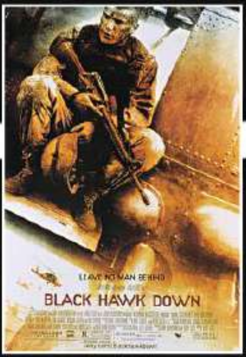


HARRISON FORD
BLADE RUNNER

SUSAN SARANDON GEENA DAVIS
THELMA & LOUISE


RUSSELL CROWE
GLADIATOR

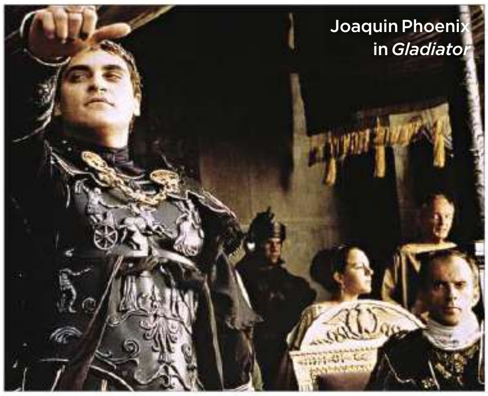
FROM THE DIRECTOR OF GLADIATOR
ORLANDO BLOOM
KINGDOM OF HEAVEN


LEAVE NO MAN BEHIND
BLACK HAWK DOWN

It's damn near impossible to pick favorites when it comes to Ridley Scott films, but let us suggest a few fun debates: The gritty futuristic Los Angeles of *Blade Runner* or the gritty futuristic confining spaceship in *Alien*—which is scarier? *Alien*'s ass-kicking Ripley or the gun-toting feminist heroines of *Thelma & Louise*—whom are you more afraid to piss off? Hell, throw all five of Russell Crowe's Scott characters into a cage match. How would Robin Hood fare against Maximus? (We'd be happy to see either one put the beatdown on *Body of Lies*' Ed Hoffman.) Who would win a footrace between G.I. Jane and the

Susan Sarandon and Geena Davis in *Thelma & Louise*

Daryl Hannah and Harrison Ford in *Blade Runner*


Joaquin Phoenix in *Gladiator*

Sigourney Weaver in *Alien*

female runner in Apple's 1984 Super Bowl ad? And we haven't even started to discuss weighing the merits of theatrical/studio versions versus director's cuts of *Gladiator, Alien,* and *Blade Runner*. (Director's cuts all around—duh.) You could even have some fun imagining the doomed soldiers of *Black Hawk Down,* with their modern weapons, against the crusaders of *Kingdom of Heaven,* with their self-righteous religious zeal.

Scott has created some of the most iconic images in modern movies, worked with Hollywood's biggest stars, directed five actors to Oscar nominations (with one win for Crowe in *Gladiator*), and become the most successful British director in Hollywood history, in terms of box office. He and his brother Tony—whose directing credits include *Top Gun, The Hunger, True Romance, Enemy of the State,* and *Domino*—own RSA Films and Scott Free Productions, a soundstage, and an effects company. Still, Ridley Scott is in filmmaking to be creative, not to be a businessman. He's hands-on with design, sketching his own storyboards; writing, working with the screenwriters on his projects; and even casting. As he was finishing post-production work on *Robin Hood,* he talked to *Penthouse* about career, cinema, and Crowe.

When you get a new script, what attracts you to it?
I rarely get a script that immediately engages me. But if it does engage me and I like it, then I move on the script and usually ask for a page-one rewrite. *Alien* is the only film I've ever made which was shot intact. Since I'm not good as a writer, I like to develop the project and work closely with the writer. That's partly because I'm distant and pragmatic and need to be able to be amused or not shocked at anything for the 20 weeks that it takes to make a movie.

With that in mind, what attracted you to Robin Hood?
Whether you're a child who's eight years old or 45 or older, it's in our masculine DNA to want to do something heroic. Ask a young kid what he knows about Robin Hood and he'll tell you that he was a character who robbed from the rich and gave to the poor and he was amazing with a bow and arrow. Robin Hood has lived through centuries as Dudley Do-Right. Having made *1492* and *Kingdom of Heaven,* I enjoy that period. I would have liked to have been born in the eleventh century. I would have made an extremely benevolent king, but a lousy serf or peasant. A castle would have been fun for me to live in and explore. [*Laughs*] Living in a hut with a makeshift roof, especially when it rained, would have been like a remote, uncomfortable location shoot.

Does the world today need a modern Robin Hood?
As much or more as it needs another Batman. I think we—the world at large—can do it all to solve our problems but our ethics are evaporating. We've got real minute-by-minute problems, but we can't get them solved or get to the real nitty-gritty of them since the truth isn't told by our world leaders because they're uncomfortable doing so. In my film *Body of Lies,* Leonardo DiCaprio is kind of doing the right thing—by right I mean ethical. But Russell Crowe, whose government agent is the voice of reason and Leo's boss, does horrible things because he believes it's good for survival at present, even if it doesn't serve the greater good now or in the future. The world seems to be ruled now by one fucking wealthy, powerful political party that only tells the truth in TV sound bites if it suits their political agenda. Robin Hood never had TV to worry about or explain his actions to. I would have enjoyed living in his era, where you'd just string someone up in a tree if their evil deeds warranted it. But I would miss going home afterward and turning on my air conditioner and watching a movie.

What can you tell us about Russell Crowe that the public doesn't know?
He loves his mother and his family. He's also one of the guys, someone you'd want to share a meal or a drink with. Russell doesn't suffer fools or accept any crap. On a set, he arrives thoroughly researched and prepared, and enjoys listening to me even when we disagree because he's always looking to improve his performance. He's extremely intelligent, and that shows in everything he does, except sometimes in his dealings with the press.

How do you and Crowe handle your creative differences?
Russell acknowledges I have a good eye and good taste when it comes to the filmmaking process. We're friends, but he's a movie star and I'm a director so sometimes, like pets or predators, we need to establish our territory. [*Laughs*] Russell will love that answer. His strength is behavioral, knowing how to talk his way through a scene that he may be having difficulties with. My ego is such that I'm always open to better ideas [than mine] on the set. After probably a total of four years making movies together, you could say we have a very volatile at times and almost always exciting creative relationship. To his

PHOTOGRAPHS (PREVIOUS SPREAD) BY (RIDLEY SCOTT) ARMANDO GALLO/RETNA LTD., (CLAPBOARD) GINO'S PREMIUM IMAGES/ALAMY, (POSTERS) COURTESY OF EVERETT COLLECTION, (*KINGDOM OF HEAVEN* POSTER) 20TH CENTURY FOX/THE KOBAL

Scott on the *Robin Hood* set with Cate Blanchett and Russell Crowe

> "RUSSELL AND I ARE FRIENDS, BUT HE'S A MOVIE STAR AND I'M A DIRECTOR SO SOMETIMES, LIKE PETS OR PREDATORS, WE NEED TO ESTABLISH OUR TERRITORY. RUSSELL WILL LOVE THAT ANSWER."

credit, I've never had an "I'll be in my trailer" moment with Russell. I believe we've earned each other's respect.

Why have you made so few erotic or romantic films?
I'm clearly not the director people think of for those kind of movies. I think I covered both those genres well with *Someone to Watch Over Me* and *A Good Year,* respectively.

Why are there so few, if any, sex scenes in your films?
What I don't like about shooting sex scenes or watching them is the rustling of the curtains followed by doves flying away and then the camera slowly panning down naked, nonsweaty, pretty people supposedly having sex but barely moving. To me a real sexy film is *Fatal Attraction,* which I saw as near perfect entertainment about the power and weaknesses of both sexes.

Please explain that last comment.
Men are always children, aren't they, when it comes to women. They want their approval at the same time they want to control them. They basically don't understand that a pretty woman has the power to dominate any room she enters. Let's face it—beauty is power! Beauty and brains can get a woman everything she ever wants. With the right story I think I'd like to explore these themes in a movie.

Didn't you use footage from director Stanley Kubrick's *The Shining* in the original theatrical version of *Blade Runner*?
[*Laughs*] You've researched my films well. The first *Blade Runner* preview was hell. The cards the studio people gave out to the paying public were filled with horrible comments like, "We want Philip Marlowe, dude!" Warner Bros. wanted a happy ending. They decided to have Harrison Ford do a relatively cheerful coda over an aerial shot of him and Sean Young driving away to that unknown land of cinema bliss. But there was no time or money to shoot the extra footage. Stanley somehow got involved and gave us the footage we needed from his then-unreleased picture. Stanley sent me 17 hours of footage shot from a helicopter by one of his assistants, who I thought covered all of Montana at his boss's behest, from people's assholes to their breakfast. I don't know how Stanley could look at over 17 hours of the same footage, but he did define the term "perfectionist." For the minute and a half screen time that I needed, I looked at over a third of what Stanley sent me ... and I got a huge headache!

What's the difference between a Ridley Scott film and a Tony Scott film?
That's a good question. [*Long pause*] I think our approach to filmmaking is different. Plus we're not attracted to the same type of material. Tony's style is more rock 'n' roll and mine is more old-fashioned.

This fall Fox is releasing *Alien* on Blu-ray as part of an *Alien* anthology. The John Hurt "bellyache" scene has been parodied a lot. What effect did you think the scene would have when you were shooting it?
[*Laughs*] The "bellyache" scene? I like that. Back then I thought, *If this scene doesn't work, then the movie won't work.* It's quite complimentary that the film came out in 1979, and we're still talking about it and its financier [Fox Studios] still believes people will want to buy another format. I'm working with writers on a prequel to *Alien*. It would deal with why they ended up on that spaceship and deal more with who the characters were. By the way, can you imagine the "bellyache" scene in 3-D? If I make the prequel, I might do it in 3-D. Back when *Alien* was shot, filmmakers were encouraged by studios and agents to be experimental, push the boundaries of their creativity. Nowadays you're lucky to find a studio head or development person who, if you mention *Alien,* doesn't ask, why did I make a movie about illegal immigrants? This is a very difficult time in Hollywood to be a creative filmmaker who enjoys watching stories unfold, rather than young people playing with toys that the studios hope to merchandise, and their cardboard characters on-screen.

What's the challenge for you to keep working?
To raise the bar creatively, like Jim Cameron did with *Avatar*. To do an *Alien* picture where the characters and their origins are as fascinating as the action and effects. I'd also like to direct a genre film like Sidney Lumet did in the real-life cop drama *Prince of the City,* which I think is an undiscovered classic, or *The Verdict,* which is an excellent, mesmerizing film with a great performance by Paul Newman and a perfect ending. It's a brave new world out there in terms of stories to tell. Because of my competitive nature, which is as high as any superstar athlete's, I look more to challenging myself in the future projects I direct and my company, Scott Free Films, produces. Despite my ego and because of my success, I look forward to taking more risks in the films I make.

PHOTOGRAPHS (THIS SPREAD) COURTESY OF EVERETT COLLECTION

ALPHA DOGS, BETA DOGS & UNDERDOGS

The greatest studs, top role players, and most monumental upsets in NBA playoff history.

By John Bolster

ANY CONTENDER FOR THE NBA TITLE NEEDS A SUPERSTAR, at least one indispensable role player, and to keep an eye on upstart opponents as much as other favorites. As the NBA postseason gets under way, we rank the greatest individual performances, the top complementary stars, and the biggest upsets in playoff history.

TOP 5

INDIVIDUAL PLAYOFF PERFORMANCES

5 TIM DUNCAN, 2003 NBA Finals, Game 6, San Antonio vs New Jersey

Duncan doesn't always get the attention or the acclaim from fans that he deserves—in part because of his low-key style—but as a four-time NBA champ and three-time Finals MVP, he ranks with the best players of his (or any) era. Duncan came within two blocks of a quadruple-double in this game, racking up 21 points, 20 rebounds, 10 assists, and 8 blocks (which tied an NBA Finals record) to help lead the Spurs to their second championship.

4 BILL RUSSELL, 1962 NBA Finals, Game 7, Boston vs Los Angeles

Big Russ was the superstar on a Celtics team loaded with outstanding players. In fact, he's one of the greatest stars in U.S. pro-sports history, having anchored Boston to 11 NBA titles in 13 years (1957–69), including one as a player-coach of the team. This performance in the deciding game of the 1962 championship clash against archrival Los Angeles was emblematic: Russell scored 30 points and pulled down 40 boards while guiding the Celts to a 110–107 overtime victory.

3 MICHAEL JORDAN, 1986 first round, Game 2, Chicago vs Boston

Consider this—Jordan's famous 63-point performance against Larry Bird and the Celtics at Boston Garden—a clear sign of things to come. This Bulls team was not championship-ready yet—they lost, 135–131 in double overtime, and were swept in the series—but they would be back, needless to say, winning six titles before Jordan was done. Bird's assessment of Jordan after this game? "I think he's God disguised as Michael Jordan."

2 LEBRON JAMES, 2007 Eastern Conference Finals, Game 5, Cleveland vs Detroit

James produced his own version of Jordan's 63-point, calling-card game, scoring the Cavs' final 25 points, and 29 of their last 30, while single-handedly willing the team to a double-overtime win over the Pistons. The Cavs wrapped up the series—and the first trip to the NBA Finals in franchise history—in Game 6.

1 MAGIC JOHNSON, 1980 NBA Finals, Game 6, Los Angeles vs Philadelphia

We faced some tough calls in assembling this list—but this wasn't one of them. Johnson, a 20-year-old rookie point guard, was tapped to play *center* for the Lakers after team leader, league MVP, and future Hall of Famer Kareem Abdul-Jabbar went down with an ankle injury. He responded with 42 points, 15 rebounds, 7 assists, and 3 steals, delivering Los Angeles the first of its five NBA titles in the 1980s. Magic, indeed.

TOP 5

PLAYOFF ROLE PLAYERS

5 MARIO ELIE, 1990–2001

He was a seventh-round draft pick in 1985 and spent several seasons kicking around Europe and the CBA before finally finding a home in the NBA in late 1990. But Elie would go on to play a part in championship runs by Houston (1994, '95) and San Antonio ('99), nailing enough clutch three-pointers to earn his nickname, Super Mario.

4 BRUCE BOWEN, 1997–2009

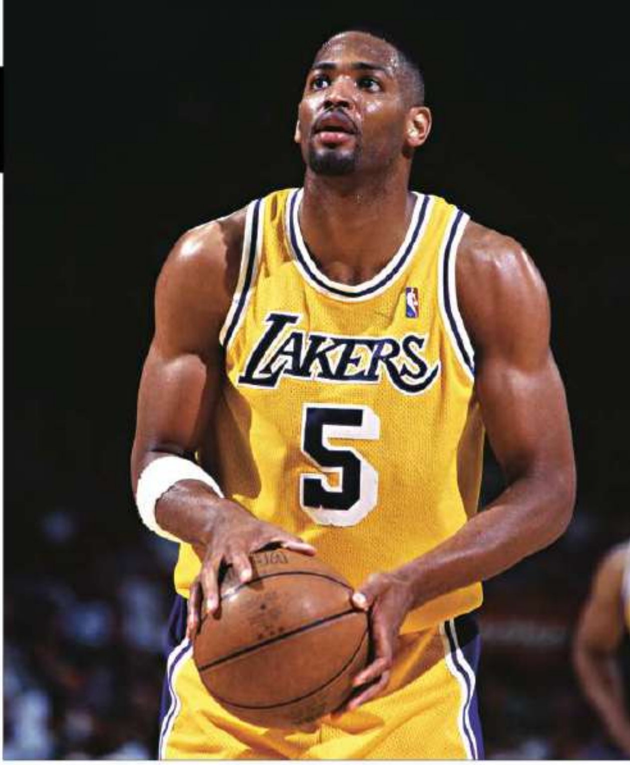
Bowen wasn't even drafted out of the University of California at Fullerton in 1993, and he spent several years in Europe and the CBA before finding purchase in the NBA. But the hard-nosed and crafty player became a lockdown defender (an eight-time All-Defensive Team selection) who won three titles with San Antonio (2003, '05, '07).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (FROM LEFT) NBAE/GETTY IMAGES, MARK GOLDMAN/ICON SMI, RAY GRABOWSKI/ICON SMI, DARRELL WALKER/UTHM/ICON SMI

3 STEVE KERR, 1988–2002
Kerr's dead-eye accuracy from three-point range (he's the NBA's all-time leader in three-point field-goal percentage, at .454) was a key part of the Bulls' three straight NBA crowns from 1996 to '98. When he was traded to San Antonio after the '98 season and won another championship with the Spurs in '99, Kerr became the first player in 30 years to win four consecutive NBA titles.

2 DENNIS RODMAN, 1986–2000
Apparently it's Rodman's off-court antics and, um, colorful personality that are keeping him out of the Basketball Hall of Fame, because it sure ain't his credentials: seven straight rebounding titles, five NBA championships (two with Detroit, three with Chicago), two-time defensive player of the year, eight-time All Defensive Team member. Those qualifications would put any non-cross-dressing NBA player in history in the Hall on the first ballot.

1 ROBERT HORRY, 1992–2008
"Big Shot Bob," as he came to be known for his uncanny knack for draining clutch shots in crucial games, was the quintessential postseason role player. He never produced flashy numbers, but Horry nailed huge playoff buckets at an almost surreal clip. He played 16 seasons in the NBA and won *seven* championships: two with the Rockets, three with the Lakers, and two with the Spurs.



TOP 5

UPSETS IN PLAYOFF HISTORY

5 New York 3, Miami 2, 1999 first round
The final score of the clinching game in this one—78–77—tells you almost everything you need to know about this series, and this rivalry. *Almost* everything. Because if you could look past the frequently butt-ugly brand of basketball, the Knicks-Heat rivalry of this era was chock-full of compelling moments. And—in the case of Knicks coach Jeff Van Gundy holding on to Heat center Alonzo Mourning's ankle like a poodle during the teams' 1998 playoff brawl—high comedy. Allan Houston drained a buzzer-beater to complete the eighth-seeded Knicks' elimination of top-seeded Miami here.

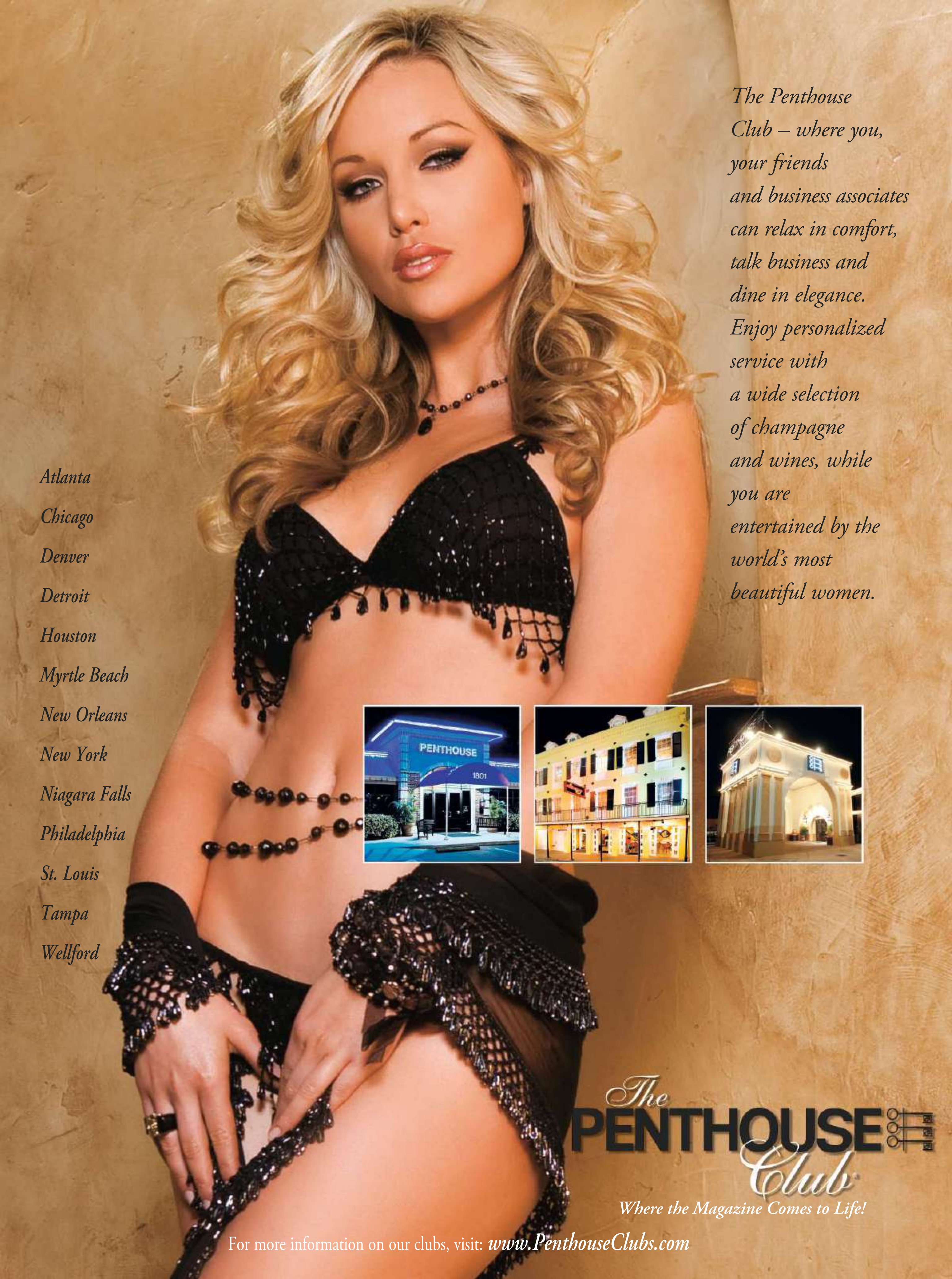
4 Denver 3, Seattle 2, 1994 first round
The Sonics were 63–19 that season, and when they took a two-games-to-none series lead on the eighth-seeded Nuggets (who had gone 42–40 during the regular season), well, the brooms were at the ready in the Northwest. But the Nuggets won Game 3 by 17 points, then squeaked out Game 4 in overtime. For the decider, the Nuggets were playing with the house's money and acted like it: They were loose and aggressive from the opening tip. They won 98–94 in overtime, with Dikembe Mutombo famously bringing the game's final rebound down to the floor in pure exultation.

3 Detroit 4, Los Angeles 1, 2004 Finals
Poor Karl Malone. After years of success but no titles in Utah, he accepted a salary cut and a reduced role in exchange for a shot at an NBA crown with Shaquille O'Neal, Kobe Bryant, and the Lakers, who had won three straight from 2000 to '02. Now they were back in the Finals, facing a defense-first Pistons team. The Lakers would roll, and it wouldn't even be close, right? Well, the second part turned out to be correct. The Pistons won their games by an average of 13.3 points and wrapped up the series in five games.

2 Portland 4, Philadelphia 2, 1977 NBA Finals
The Sixers had the legendary Julius Erving—Dr. J—along with All-Stars George McGinnis, Doug Collins, and Name Hall of Famer World B. Free. The Trail Blazers had Bill Walton, Maurice Lucas, and a small platoon of role players. Portland was also the youngest team ever to play in the Finals (average age: 24). Few were surprised when Philly took the first two games at home, but many were shocked when Portland reeled off the next four, with series MVP Walton producing 20 points, 23 boards, 7 assists, and 8 blocks in the clincher.

1 Golden State 4, Dallas 2, 2007 first round
Maybe the Mavericks were shell-shocked from their dubious defeat to the Miami Heat in the previous year's NBA Finals (when the Heat received a 49–25 edge in fouls called in Game 5). Or perhaps they were uneasy facing their former coach, Don Nelson, who was heading up the Warriors and whose son, Donnie, remained as an exec with the Mavs despite his dad's falling out with Dallas owner Marc Cuban. Got all that? Whatever the reason, Dallas (67–15) dropped Game 1 at home, then lost Games 3, 4, and 6 in Oakland, getting blown out 111–86 in the series-ender. It marked the first time an eight seed had beaten a one in a seven-game series.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (TOP TO BOTTOM) JOHN W. MCDONOUGH/ICON SMI, BRIAN BAHR/GETTY IMAGES



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BLOOD SPORT

WHETHER IT'S RITUAL COMBAT, A SACRIFICE TO THE EARTH, OR JUST A DRUNKEN BRAWL, THE TINKU IS NOT A TYPICAL TOURIST ATTRACTION—EVEN IN BOLIVIA.

BY LEONID PLOTKIN

In Macha, Bolivia, the men eat fists for breakfast in early May. They start at dawn, and when I awaken in the cold hovel where I've spent the night, a great din already hangs over the town. A dense crowd of Indians jostles under the church tower—a sort of landmark in this small town of adobe houses and muddy streets. The cacophony sends stray dogs scattering and makes pigeons take flight, but a growing number of Indians rushes toward the scene.

Ready for the Tinku—their day of combat—the men sport improvised warriors' uniforms. One wears colorful leggings decorated with psychedelic diamond patterns over his blue jeans. Someone else has wrapped a hand-knitted waist sash around a secondhand sweater. Others don bizarre helmets—shaped like those worn by Spanish conquistadors, but made of llama leather instead of steel, and topped with a fluorescent-colored plume.

I push through the crowd and reach the center of this motley group just in time to see a fighter take a bite out of another man's knuckles. His head whips around and something small goes flying, glinting briefly under the harsh, high-altitude sun. It takes a split second for the first gush of blood to squirt from the man's mouth and for me to realize, *Oh, that was a tooth.* Then, before the stricken man can recover his balance, his opponent moves in and commences demolishing the man's face with blow after blow from his bare fists. The loser topples to the ground and lies there insensate. His rival towers over him panting, his hands dripping with blood.

By 8:30 in the morning, everyone is in a frenzy—shoving and swaying—drunk on alcohol and adrenaline. They gesture at one another, challenging and taunting, calling out maledictions in Quechua and heavily accented Spanish.

"Why do they fight?" I ask someone next to me. He is Bolivian, but his clothing gives him away as an outsider, someone who has come here to watch.

"It is a kind of blood sacrifice to the earth—to the *Pachamama,*" he tells me. "The blood of the fighters trickles down to the ground and waters the earth. It's a way to give thanks for the year's harvest and ensure fertility in the year to come."

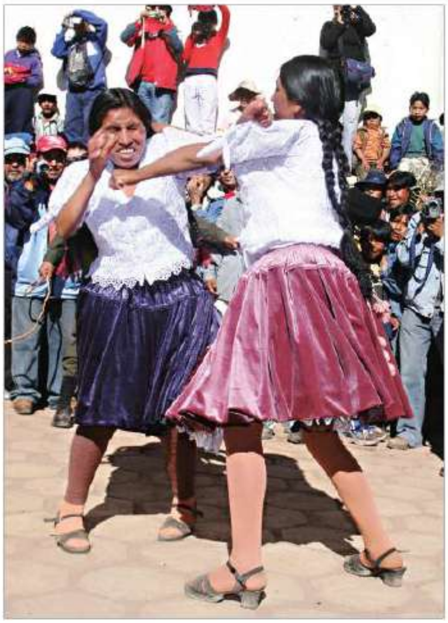
Suddenly a group of fighters surges toward the center of the crowd. An improvised ring formed by spectators has opened up in the middle, and fighters stand there pummeling one another, winding up their arms before striking, like characters in a cartoon.

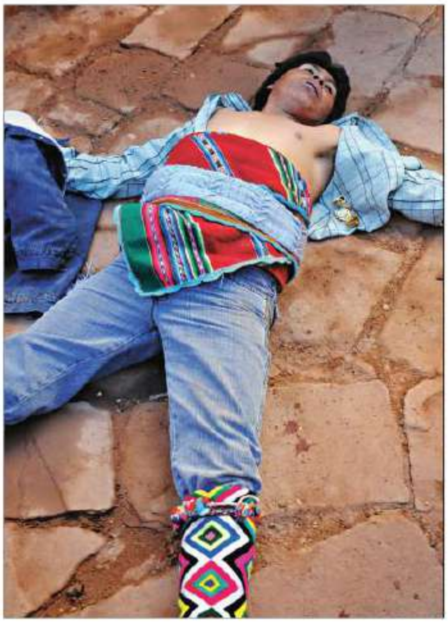
Spectators crane their necks to see better—some smiling, excited and energized, others wincing at the sight of shattered faces, broken noses, eyes swollen shut, and teeth outlined red with blood.

The man who, a few weeks prior, had tipped me off about the Macha Tinku described it as a day of ritual combat.

But by mid-morning, little about the fighting seems ritualistic. It is a chaotic, no-holds-barred brawl. Men beat men. Women slap, scratch, and pull one another's hair. The young battle with the young. A special area seems reserved for bellicose grandpas. Wives chase and kick the men who have beat up their husbands. Opposing groups of Indians gyrate to and fro, yelling at one another. A few mad dogs circle the melee's fringes, lapping up the spilled blood that colors the pavement.

And in the midst of this, a band of policemen brandishing whips keeps people from killing each other. They set upon men who continue attacking those who can no longer resist. The police whip them cruelly, yelling, "Enough, enough," until others in the crowd can pull the fighters apart.





THE VIOLENCE AND CHAOS INTENSIFY UNTIL TEAR-

"These people are the descendants of Inca warriors who were sent here from [the Peruvian city of] Cusco to subdue the local tribes," another Bolivian in the crowd tells me. "They fight to keep alive their martial traditions."

Suddenly, very close, there's a loud explosion. The police are throwing tear-gas grenades to disperse the uncontrollable crowd. Instantaneously, instinctively, people panic and flee—grimacing, screaming, their cheeks wet with tears and blood. They take cover in buildings and dash for the side streets leading away from the square.

I stop in one of the alleys, wiping my eyes and gasping for air.

Through my tears I notice a stocky, very muscular Indian—a killer with a hard, grizzled, expressionless face. I had seen him fighting, deconstructing the faces of his opponents without receiving so much as a scratch. Now he stands there weeping like an injured child. Sobbing, he slides off the Andean knit hat on his head and begins gingerly patting his eyes and cheeks. Then, holding the hat with both hands, he pulls it open, raises it up, and vigorously blows his nose into it. He draws it open again, checks his product, and, still holding it with two hands, energetically rubs the two sides together to work the snot deep into the fabric. He pulls it apart again to see how it looks and then rubs it together some more. He checks the inside again and, finally satisfied, pulls it back on his head and walks off.

By 11 o'clock the plaza comes to life again—this time with dancing.

Long processions of Indians pour into town from the countryside, a different group from each village. At the head of each crew a man lugs a large wooden cross topped with a miniature plumed leather helmet, like the ones worn by some of the fighters. And behind this cross-bearer, people stomp and shuffle along to the beat of their heavy footfalls and to the melody of pan flutes and *charangos*—small 12-string guitars. As they march, the women call out a repetitive chant in squeaky, high voices. The men respond in a gruff bass. Trotting like tribal warriors heading off to battle, the dancers make their way around the plaza, pausing occasionally to form a circle and dance in place before continuing on.

An irregular character catches my eye. There among the short, dark-skinned Indians, a tall, lanky, and very pale middle-aged white man, dressed in full tribal garb, prances around playing a pan flute. Intrigued, I seek him out when he's no longer dancing.

It turns out he's Henry Stobart, a British ethnographer and musicologist who has spent years

GAS GRENADES START TO FLY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (FAR LEFT) JORGE BLANCO/ALAMY; (LEFT AND ABOVE) LEONID PLOTKIN

living with a community of Quechua people near Macha to study their music. "I have never heard anyone who fights say that they are fighting to make a blood offering to the *Pachamama,*" he tells me. "They fight to show that they're tough. People here respect the hard, the brave, and the strong, and for a man to have a broken nose is a sign of status."

More villagers arrive, and by noon the dancers pack the plaza, singing and trotting, colliding with each other as they clomp around the square.

Suddenly, the violence begins again. I have no idea why. Did someone encounter his nemesis in an ancient tribal feud? Did the presence of wound-up warriors on the plaza just reach critical mass? Whatever the cause, a free-for-all erupts where just a moment before people had been dancing peacefully. The cycle commences anew. Indians slugging. Police whipping. The violence and chaos intensify until, having reached a crescendo, the tear-gas grenades start to fly. People run and cry. A calm settles over the town. And then the air clears and the dancing resumes.

By mid-afternoon, I've had enough tear gas for the day. I distance myself from the bloodletting and wander over to a row of shops where people—many already as drunk as soldiers celebrating the end of a war—gather to sing and guzzle king-size quantities of beer and *chicha,* a traditional booze made from maize. Those looking to really impress with their toughness knock back shots of 96 percent alcohol—the same stuff I've seen people using to clean their windows.

They pause their revelry as I walk by. "Gringo," they yell at me, "buy me a *chicha*!" "Gringo! Buy me some beer." "Gringo! Give me five bolivianos." I smile and ignore their requests. The *charango* player starts up a tune and, quickly forgetting me, they carry on with the party. But other drunks drift over—challenging me to a fight, pestering me for money.

Tired of fending them off, I walk over to sit near the church entrance, thinking that I'll be safe there. With my eyes I follow a liquored-up old-timer as he stumbles by, prodded along like a cow by his stick-wielding wife. He weaves over to me and feebly punches me in the chest. His wife rushes up, pulls him back by his shirt, and sticks him hard with the prod right in his kidneys. Head bowed like an obedient animal, he again plods on toward their home.

Not far away another rumble rages. Suddenly, right in front of me, several rocks sail by. I scramble inside the church and stand in the doorway gazing out at the panic and screaming as people run to get away from the rock fight. After a couple of minutes of pandemonium, I hear the familiar explosions of gas grenades.

In the church, where mass is in progress, solemn Indians stand holding the large crosses that they had previously paraded around the plaza. A priest sonorously chants something in Quechua. Meanwhile, just outside the church, a crazed crowd stampedes to escape the gas.

"The rock-throwing is how most people die," says a woman standing beside me. "Some years there are 10, 12 dead. Last year, just three. The authorities clear away the stones from the plaza and the surrounding streets, but people bring stones," she laments, shaking her head.

"But what happens to the killers?" I interrupt her. "What happens to someone who throws the rock that kills a person?"

She looks up at me and shrugs. "Nothing," she answers. "It's just part of the culture."

Sex That's Worth the Trip

We all have that mental list of sex acts we hope to experience at least once in our lives. It just so happens that some of them are best indulged when you're off your home turf.

By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

First, a few words of wisdom: However you choose to experiment on your trip, keep track of your wallet, do not reveal your real identity, and don't take any incriminating photos. That way, your secret is safe.

☐ TAN WHERE THE SUN DON'T SHINE

It is illegal to sunbathe nude on most U.S. beaches, as I once quickly discovered when I took off my top on a white-as-sugar beach in Pensacola, Florida. But many places are not so repressed. The French Gold Coast is well-known for its boob-filled beaches, and you can find other hot spots all around the Adriatic and European coasts.

☑ ANSWER NATURE'S CALL

Having sex in public is definitely an activity to try far from home—after all, you don't want to give your neighbors a show, or risk becoming the subject of a big sex scandal in the local papers. Try doing it like the cavemen did in a tropical place like Tahiti, where everyone seems to be shamelessly making love on the decks of their over-the-water bungalows. Parks and other wilderness areas are also great places for sex au naturel. Pick a leafy bower just off the trail.

☑ HIT A TRIPLE

If you and your girlfriend want to try a three-way tryst but can't imagine finding a third among your friends,

vacation is the perfect occasion. My boyfriend and I had some really hot threesomes after picking up a pole dancer at a Mexican strip club and with a Brazilian model I found in a Rio club. And since you aren't likely to see your third again, there is less likelihood of jealousy interfering with your relationship after you get home.

☑ VISIT SWINGTOWN

It also can be easier to get wild with another couple if you know you'll probably never see them again. And since all those sexual terms sound more erotic in another language, try France, renowned for its swinging scene. An internet search for "swingers clubs" will yield dozens of groups all over the world—yes, even in the States—and don't forget to check out the many swinging groups on our sister site, AdultFriendFinder.com.

☑ GO TO A PRO SHOP

Ever wonder whether a pro is better in bed than your girlfriend? Visit a country where prostitution is legal, such as Holland, Brazil, or Costa Rica. (For more on Costa Rica, see "Ticas for the Taking" on the following pages.) Asia has many places where pros are easy to find, and cheap to boot, most notably Japan, famous for its geisha girls. Who wouldn't like to get the "full treatment" from a woman who has been extensively trained to please a man?

☐ RELIVE YOUR YOUTH

Feeling nostalgic for your teens? Play it safe with barely legal working girls in countries that don't have statutory-rape laws, such as Eastern Europe or the Far East. Asian girls, in particular, often look 18 when they're well into their thirties, so Bangkok and Kuala Lumpur are good locales for indulging such fantasies.

☐ GET JUICED

If you've wondered what sex would be like with a pharmaceutical lift, head to a place where performance-enhancing drugs are legal. Many countries sell vasodilators, such as Viagra and Cialis, over the counter, so there'll be no need to beg your family doctor for a prescription. And while pot isn't known for improving your sex skills, in Holland you can choose which type of marijuana you want to smoke before sex—or at any time.

☑ DESTROY SOME SHEETS

If you have a desire to try wet, wild, and messy fetishes, such as pie-in-the-face flinging, mud wrestling, or cake sitting, do it in a hotel, where you can let the maid service clean up the mess. Even if the hotel charges you for wine-stained, food-smeared sheets, it's still better than ruining your own stuff.

☑ TAKE IT LIKE A MAN

If you have a yearning to be punished by a dominatrix, but you want to make sure none of your acquaintances find out about it, combine a vacation with a visit to a dungeon. The internet is packed with ads for voluptuous whip-wielding vixens. (Again, we'd be remiss if we didn't steer you toward the FriendFinder site Alt.com.)

☑ BE THE PUNISHER

On the other hand, if your fantasies run toward spanking a squirming lady and your girlfriend won't play, you can find many willing spankophiles online. You shouldn't have any problem finding someone close to wherever you have a vacation planned. Just be sure to discuss details of the full experience before arranging a date. Some women love to follow up a spanking with pussy-pounding sex, while others get off on corporal punishment alone and won't do anything more. You need to find someone who's looking for the same happy ending you are.

☐ GET YOUR FREAK ON

If you're bi-curious or swing both ways but don't want it advertised to your friends, a vacation is the best time to indulge your desire for the "other side." Being bisexual myself, I find it easier to think of picking up a hot chick when I'm on the road—especially since then I won't have to share her with my boyfriend.

Or you can try the best of both worlds and sample a pre-op tranny—Brazilian trannies are well-known for their oral skills. Just make sure you are completely safe and stay current with testing for sexually transmitted diseases. Figuratively letting down your hair is no excuse for literally letting down your guard.

TICAS FOR THE TAKING

The thing about San José is, there's always a new girl to take the place of an old girl. But if you're a romantic at heart, even a hot threesome might not be enough.

By Joe Diamond

Costa Rica is one of Latin America's most prosperous countries and a magnet for eco-tourists. About a million visitors come to Costa Rica each year for its rain forest, wildlife, beaches, and volcanoes. The capital, though, San José, is a hotbed for mankind's favorite *indoor* activity.

Prostitution is legal in this country, which may help explain why 125,000 single American men take the relatively short flight there each year. Many of them seem to spend at least some of their trip in the capital relaxing with the attractive *ticas*—as female Costa Ricans are known—and women from nearby countries who have come to work in the city's thriving sex trade.

My first night, I went to the Blue Marlin Bar, the epicenter of San José's sex scene, in the Hotel Del Rey. The bar, which overlooks a small casino (Costa Rica is a land of many vices), lives up to its reputation as a hookup spot for prostitutes and gringos. It was around midnight, and men and women were everywhere along the counter, which undulated like a snake from one end of the bar to the other. The women were ethnically diverse: bottle blondes, pouty-lipped brunettes, and a handful of black girls. As I oriented myself to the place, I had a beer with Jerry, a 27-year-old architect from Cleveland. It was his third trip to San José that year.

"There are girls here around the clock, but this is prime time," Jerry said.

"What about the trees and vegetation?" I joked. "Where's all

that eco-tourism I heard about?"

"I just don't get all that environmental crap," he said. "I'm not here for nature hikes or bird-watching. I'm here for one thing only—screwing."

A short-haired brunette approached Jerry. "You're too handsome to be alone," she said in broken English. "Let's go."

"Maybe later," he said, before turning back to me.

"She was cute," I said. "No?"

"Not really my type. Especially when there are so many to choose from."

This is a perspective shared by a guy known as Western. On his first trip to Costa Rica, he managed to mix Spanish lessons at the Costa Rican Language Academy with ample whoremongering.

"WOW! What a scene!" wrote Western on the website CostaRicaTicas.com, describing his initial reaction to the Del Rey. (Such exuberance seems natural for a man who signs off all his posts with "Women are like beers. I've never had one that I didn't like. Just some that I like more than others!")

"The Blue Marlin was packed and [its sister club] the Key Largo was rocking!" he continued. "I made my first attempt on a really cute tica at the BM. She was plenty friendly and spoke decent English. Of course she was stuck on *cien* [$100], so I was working the opposing side of the equation, time and service. Finally she told me that I just wanted too much and stormed off! I had been shot down by a *puta*! I consider it a good thing though. There is absolutely no reason to have to 'settle' for less than what you want. As soon as she had left another cutie took her place."

With only a few days to spend in San José, I planned my pilgrimage around three places with large followings on the mongering websites: the Hotel Del Rey, Bar Idem, and my hotel, the Sportsmens Lodge.

At 2 A.M. on a weeknight, the Blue Marlin was still crowded. I was tired, but horny. A petite blonde (in overalls, of all things) came bopping up the small staircase from the casino. Most of the girls tried to outdo each other in low-cut dresses or ass-clenching skirts. But this one was cute enough to pull off the farm-girl look, even as she shimmied to Styx's "Mr. Roboto"—one of many lame eighties songs you hear everywhere in San José.

Her name was Tina. She wanted $100 for one hour, basically the going rate for Blue Marlin girls. I remembered all those online posts from mongers admonishing you to fight "ticaflation" by drawing the line at $75 or $80 per session, even for an all-nighter. But I was too beat for serious haggling. In any event, as soon as she noticed my hesitation, she mollified me by offering another hour at no additional cost. It didn't occur to me that I was too tired to make use of that extra time.

In fact, I was too tired, period.

Tina was as bubbly in bed as she'd been in the bar. If only I'd packed some of that Cialis I'd bought in Rio. After 10 or 15 fruitless minutes of limping along, I gave up and fell asleep. She had refused to kiss me on the lips anyway, which cast a pall over everything.

I would not be one of Tina's repeat customers.

The *garotas* in Rio had spoiled me, as most of them had been voracious lip-lockers. A GFE (girlfriend experience) is impossible for me without passionate kissing. A working girl might fuck hard enough to splinter your headboard, yet you still can't be sure that she doesn't find you repulsive. But if she kisses you right, you know there's some kind of attraction. All right, you never really know. But it's a lot tougher for a girl to feign fire in her upper set of lips than in her lower.

Thus with Tina, I couldn't "forget," not even for a second, that I was paying for her company.

I had similar kissless encounters with four or five working girls over the next few days. It gave me a mission, though: to find a girl in San José whose lips weren't off-limits.

Western's night at the Blue Marlin turned out more satisfying. He discussed his first romp with a working girl in his trip report: "She was very cute with long brown hair and glasses. I strode over and broke the ice. I raised an immediate smile and I was in! 'M' is a Colombiana which went against all that I had imagined that the staunch, business-like Colombiana would be like. She is sweet, friendly, and personable. Twenty-three years old, no kids, been in Costa Rica for five months. From a small town far from the city. I negotiated for two hours and we were off to the Castillo. After a shower together it was off to bed. I put some sexy Latin music on the CD player that she really liked. She is all natural and sweet in bed. She is more like a GFE than a PSE [porn-star experience]. One thing that I did find very remarkable was how small she was 'down there.' It wasn't that I had trouble with penetration but that her slit was tiny! Her whole package was about an inch and a half at most! I worked her over pretty well."

He even had a gift all ready for her.

"I introduced her to her new little friend, a mini pocket rocket, which was hers to take home. They became the best of friends very quickly! I discovered that the bed in my room 'dances' during sex. It scoots all over the tile floor once the action starts! I don't know how many laps we made but we ended up with the bed in the middle of the room and had a good laugh! After another shower I walked 'M' to the lobby and waited with her for her taxi to arrive. Almost three hours had elapsed since we had arrived!"

The girls went at each other first. When I couldn't take being a bystander any-more, I pumped Carmela hard.

My hotel, the Sportsmens Lodge, was another fast-rising institution among gringos. The bar had a regular contingent of working girls. Not as many as the Blue Marlin, but those who were there were quite attractive. The hotel was "tica friendly"—you could take the ladies to your room without having to pay a surcharge. I was on the Lodge's internet terminal when a somewhat chunky girl in her late twenties sat down at the next computer. Donna was a masseuse—*just a masseuse,* she stressed—at a nearby hotel. She'd popped in to check her email on her way home from work. Donna had a smooth, pretty face and long brown hair. Though I wasn't attracted to her initially, her way of locking onto my eyes while we spoke won me over.

"How much for a massage?" I asked.

I didn't have enough, so we went to my room to get my wallet.

The plan was to head to an ATM. But we started kissing, then groping, then fucking. I was thrilled that it didn't qualify as a

PHOTOGRAPH BY (PREVIOUS SPREAD) COTO ELIZONDO/GETTY IMAGES

massage, because there'd be no charge. Later that night, we went for dinner at a fancy Brazilian restaurant.

Donna stayed the night, but she threw me for a loop the next morning when she asked for money, about $60. It wasn't much, especially given how much time we'd spent together. But I didn't like the fact that she hadn't been up-front about it. I paid her, but made it clear that we wouldn't be seeing each other again.

The thing about San José is that there's always another girl. A few days later, Western was at his hotel's bar when another monger's "girl showed up with her cousin in tow," he wrote. "This fellow wanted to take off with his girl for a while. Would I mind buying her cousin a drink and [keeping] her company?"

The cousin, he added, was "fresh in from Nicaragua. She was 18 years old and it was her first time [having sex] for money. She even told me later in the room that she had only been with one other man. I believe her because it showed. "

Although she was a "very good kisser," Western noted, "she was very timid, so I took the lead and worked my way very slowly. I made certain that she had a good time. I wanted her to know what real sex was supposed to be like.

"She really responded to my fingers and I could easily get her off that way. She was a bit small and I had a bit of trouble with my tongue, but when on-target I was able to send her up the wall that way, too. When we were finished I shared my last two home-baked chocolate-chip cookies with her before I took her back to her cousin. "

About half a mile away from the Del Rey was Bar Idem, another must-see mongering spot in San José. Idem had a "school dance" atmosphere—"guys on one side, girls on the other," as "Prolijo" described it on the International Sex Guide website forum. "That's actually one of the things I like about Idem," Prolijo wrote. "Don't get me wrong, I like being groped and propositioned as much as the next guy at places like the Blue Marlin, but there are times where I want to be able to just sit back, relax, sip my bottled water, chill out, and leisurely make my selection without being hassled or pressured."

Unlike the Blue Marlin, where you negotiated with the girls, Idem's prices were fixed at around $50 an hour during my trip. Idem wasn't upscale. It was comfortable, like a local pub, but with private rooms in the back. There were about 20 girls in the bar the day I visited, some quite stunning.

I decided to go with Marina, a lovely Nicaraguan. "Does it ever seem unnatural to be intimate with men you just met?" I asked her.

"Yes and no," she said. "This is how I survive for now, so I have to keep my mind comfortable with it. Most of the men who come here are very nice, so that's good. "

"What about men you're not attracted to?"

"Everyone has something nice. Some have it outside, some inside." Marina saw part of her job as focusing on that nice quality so she could "be passionate and make him feel passion, too." It's acting, she added, "but it's not lying. Most of the men understand that this is fantasy. "

It's easy, however, to avoid such introspection in a town like San José.

Carmela, one of the regulars at the Sportsmens Lodge, was luscious. She had silky brown hair with blonde streaks, and giant natural breasts. Unlike other girls at the hotel, she'd quash all my attempts to make small talk with her. One syllable or a bored nod were the best I could hope for before she'd turn back to her friends. Her friend Marta wasn't as sexy, but she was friendlier. Someone had mentioned that the two girls were lovers, so one night I asked Marta if it was true. "Very much," she said.

All right. I'd found my threesome for the trip. We worked out a deal and went to my room.

I had the girls go at each other first. Their affection for each other seemed genuine. When I couldn't take being a bystander anymore, I went after Carmela in a frenzy, pumping her as hard as I could. Sweat gleamed on her face.

I knew that all of Carmela's reactions with me were artificial, that I meant absolutely nothing to her. But in the heat of the moment she seemed quite transported.

My fantasy about winning her heart was a big bust, however. When I tried to kiss her good-bye on the lips, she turned her cheek to me. It was no GFE, but it was still a nice encounter.

Fucking girls like Carmela is like a waking wet dream. When it's over, the only tangible thing left is bodily fluid. It's your memory of it—however you choose to spin it—that counts.

Excerpted from *Around the World in 80 Lays* © 2009 by Joe Diamond, and reprinted with the permission of the publisher, Skyhorse Publishing Inc.

from russia

Roxanna is beautiful, sexually adventurous, and funny. As evidence, we offer up her answer to the question, What do you like to do in your spare time? She says, "I love spending time with my bald pussy—no pun intended!" Not surprisingly, we love spending time with the Russian law student's bald pussy, too—pun completely intended.

Photographs by Emma Nixon

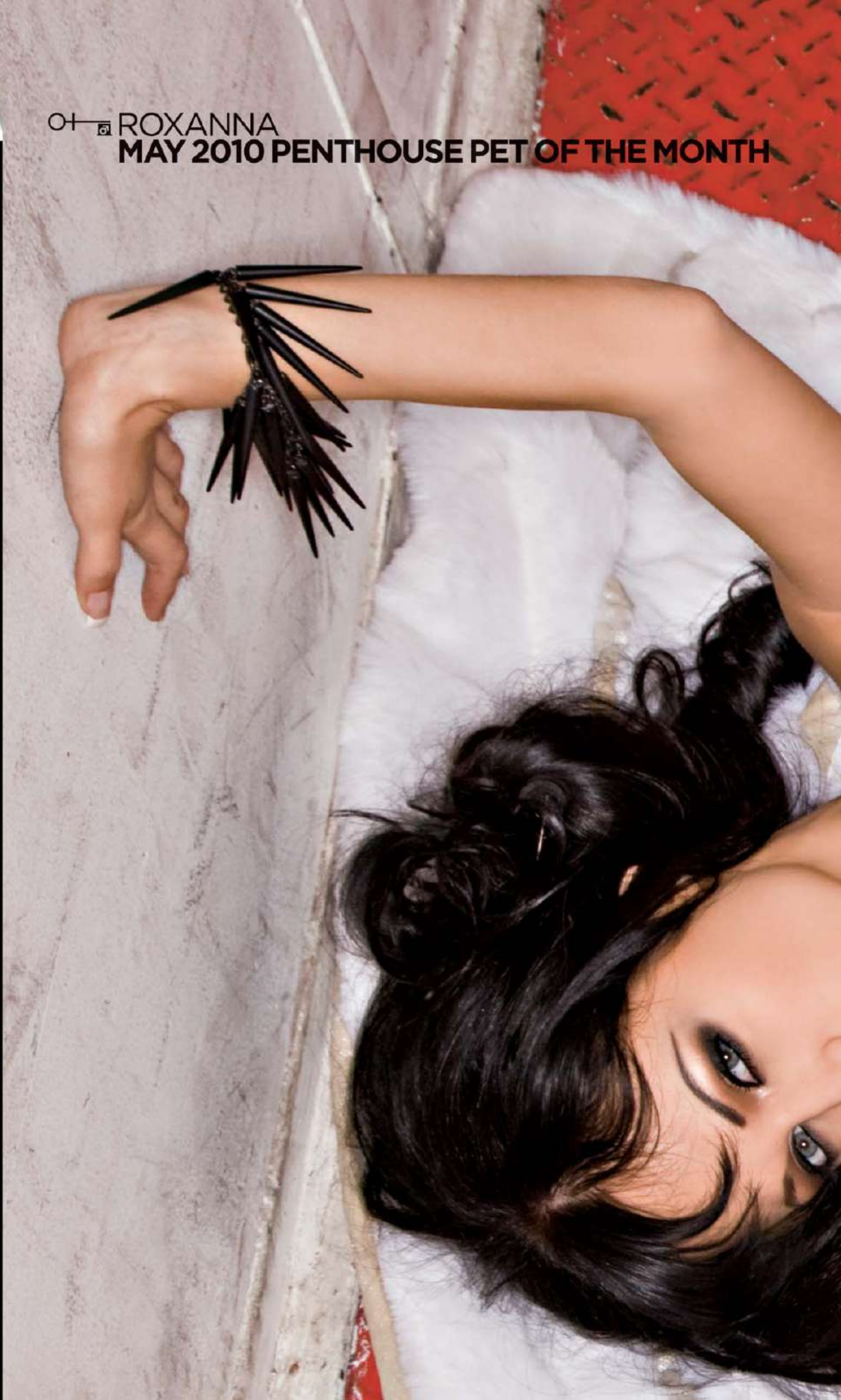
with love

"The most exciting place I've ever screwed is in a circus tent. I was risking my life twice a day as a trapeze artist working 50 feet off the ground, and that used to get me in the mood for hot and steamy sex."

"My favorite fantasy is a very dirty gang bang. And since I'll admit that I once had an incredible sexual experience with three hot guys, I'll bet now you can imagine how dirty that gang bang would be."

"I was not a wild child at all. I was a bright student and a good daughter. Then I turned 18.... Now I want to be a groupie for the Jonas Brothers. I want to see if I can corrupt them all. Well, once *they're* all 18, anyway."

THE BIG RIP



ROXANNA
MAY 2010 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

ROXANNA
MAY 2010 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

ROXANNA

MAY 2010 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Vital stats:
23 years old
5'5"; 34DD-24-34

Hometown:
Moscow.

What do you do for a living?
Hmm. What do you think?

Favorite movie:
I like very sad, depressing films, and the list is endless. I love having a good cry.

Favorite food:
Sushi.

Favorite drink:
Vodka. At the end of the day, I am Russian.

What music gets you in the mood?
I love a Latin beat.

Your biggest turn-on:
A big, dominant man who can give me a good seeing-to.

Your biggest turnoff:
Making love.

I'm always up for:
Anal loving.

I'm never up for:
Morning sex. I'm too lazy.

If you could be anyone in history:
I'd be Cleopatra, so I could whip all my sexy slaves.

Roxanna

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"I love traveling, and so far I haven't been to the same place twice. My dream vacation would be Australia at Christmastime. It would be so cool to have a Christmas barbecue on the beach."

June 2010

PENTHOUSE

Pet of the Month

Eva Angelina

On newsstands
May 25th, 2010

PENTHOUSE Super Soiree

The 2010 Penthouse *Superparty at Passions Nightclub in Hollywood, Florida, was hosted by 20 luscious Pets, making it our biggest and best Super Bowl–weekend gala yet.*

Our 2010 Pet of the Year, Taylor Vixen, and her partner in crime, Runner-Up Veronica Ricci, were the de facto leaders of the pack of Pets, which included familiar faces—Aria Giovanni (September 2000), Ashley Roberts (December 2004), and Prinzzess (October 2004)—as well as brand-new Pets Jessica Wilson (January 2010), Heidi Baron (February 2010), and Jelena Jensen (March 2010). Jelena's issue had not even hit newsstands at the time, but she was thrilled to represent, saying, "It's great to kick off my Penthouse Pet status with these ladies. I've been wishing to be a part of this family for such a long time, and everyone has been very warm and welcoming."

Meanwhile, Taylor couldn't keep her hands off Jelena's impressive curves. "I don't think I can even wait to shoot together with Jelena," Taylor said. "I want to have her now." And the secret is out: We're sure all their fans will be anxious for these two naturally busty brunettes to come together for a *Penthouse* video, not to mention a magazine layout.

The Pets were shuttled to all the weekend's activities and events on the *Penthouse* Party Bus, and Wisconsin cutie Charlie Laine (February 2006) took over the driver's microphone to emcee a rousing game of Show Your Tits. After Charlie introduced each Pet, she would begin a "show your tits" chant until the Pet in question complied—and of course she always did. Happily, despite the tantalizing sights tempting the bus driver to turn his attention away from the road, the girls got to their destinations safe and sound. "The *Penthouse* Super Bowl celebration has always meant fun and crazy games for me," explained Charlie. "But it's also our annual reunion. It's the only time I can see this many of the girls at once. It's great!"

The party itself surpassed the Pets' expectations ... once they finally got inside. The ladies spent more than half an hour on the red carpet getting their photos taken. "I'm pretty sure that takes a long time because we always do dirty things to each other when we're on the 'Step and Repeat,' " said Jennifer

Group shot, from left: Veronica Ricci, Ashley Roberts, Prinzzess, Jennifer Emerson, Brea Lynn, Cali Taylor, Charlie Laine, Jessica Wilson, Shay Laren, Valentina Vaughn, Celeste Star, Jelena Jensen, and Ryan Keely

Heidi Baron and Brea Lynn

Dancing queens (from left): Cali Taylor, Celeste Star, Prinzzess, Jessica Wilson, Veronica Ricci, and Jennifer Emerson.

Emerson (March 2006). Jennifer spent the better part of the evening playfully accosting every Pet she could get her hands on: "I just enjoy sticking my fingers where they don't belong."

The Pets also spent a lot of time on the dance floor, and when the band LMFAO performed, several Pets—including Aria and Shay Laren (June 2006)—danced onstage with the band. "Penthouse Pets and rock bands have always gone hand in hand," said Aria, who had a great time shaking her moneymaker and smoking a cigar. The lucky band members partied after their set with Aria, Shay, and 2007 Pet of the Year Heather Vandeven.

There were different degrees of access at the multileveled Passions, but one common characteristic of Penthouse Pets is that they love meeting the magazine's readers. There was no way these lovely ladies were going to hide out in a VIP area. The Pets covered all areas of the club throughout the night, meeting and partying with all the fans who came to meet them—along with porn star Savanna Samson and sultry 1995 Pet of the Year Gina LaMarca, who now works behind the camera as a makeup artist and stylist.

Each year, the *Penthouse* Superparty makes an even bigger splash, so you might want to start planning an early February 2011 trip to Dallas to party with the Pets.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHNNY FOTO

By Jennifer Peters and Lainie Speiser

Porn Stars for Haiti

When the January 12th earthquake devastated Haiti, causing millions of dollars in damage and more than 200,000 deaths, everyone wanted to help ... including porn stars.

Taylor Vixen and Zoe Britton

On January 29th, Pets Charlie Laine (February 2006) and Celeste Star (July 2005) cohosted a fund-raiser for Haitian relief organization OneDomeAtATime.org that was spearheaded by adult star Zoe Britton. Penthouse Studios regulars Ann Marie Rios and Karlie Montana also shared hosting duties for the event at Jane's House, one of Hollywood's newest hot spots, and a slew of other adult stars—including February 2007 Pet Stormy Daniels and 2010 Pet of the Year Taylor Vixen—showed their support by attending. "We're all so fortunate, and I think it's really important to share what we have," Taylor said. "And the event was a lot of fun! I think it's great that Zoe organized it."

Porn fans mingled with adult-entertainment folk in the Victorian house-turned-lounge, filling the club until, as Charlie put it, "You couldn't see two feet in front of you." She laughed before she added, "It was a good mix of fans and industry friends. I even got to meet a few of my Twitter followers, which was exciting." (If you want to become one of those followers, you can find Charlie under "@imcharlielaine.")

"The party was a good way to get the people of Los Angeles to come by and say hi," Charlie continued. "And since admission was only $10, it didn't cost much to donate to a good cause and party with porn stars. I wanted to use my name to do some good, and the tragedy in Haiti hit so many people, we had to do something. We raised $3,000 at the door alone, without prepaid guests and additional donations, so we had no trouble reaching our goal of $5,000."

BANG-UP JOB

On The Big Bang Theory, *he's the nerdy everyman who scored with the hot girl next door. In real life, he's the nerdy everyman who scored with a 20-year career in Hollywood. Johnny Galecki might actually be proof that nice guys finish first.*

By Kara Wahlgren

Hollywood is littered with so-called celebrities desperate to seem more famous than they are and who take up more column inches than they deserve—the Jon Gosselins, the Snookis, the Balloon-Boy Dads. At the opposite end of the spectrum, there's Johnny Galecki. It's safe to say Galecki is famous—like, really famous. As a child star, he played Chevy Chase's son in the *Christmas Vacation* installment of the *National Lampoon* franchise, then spent six seasons as *Roseanne*'s soft-spoken David Healy—who ended up knocking up younger daughter Darlene. After the show ended in 1997, Galecki took small roles in some huge projects, like *I Know What You Did Last Summer, Bean, Vanilla Sky,* and *Hancock*. Now he stars on the improbable hit *The Big Bang Theory,* which somehow has convinced millions

PHOTOGRAPH BY RIKER BROTHERS

of viewers to fall in love with a quartet of socially inept physics geeks.

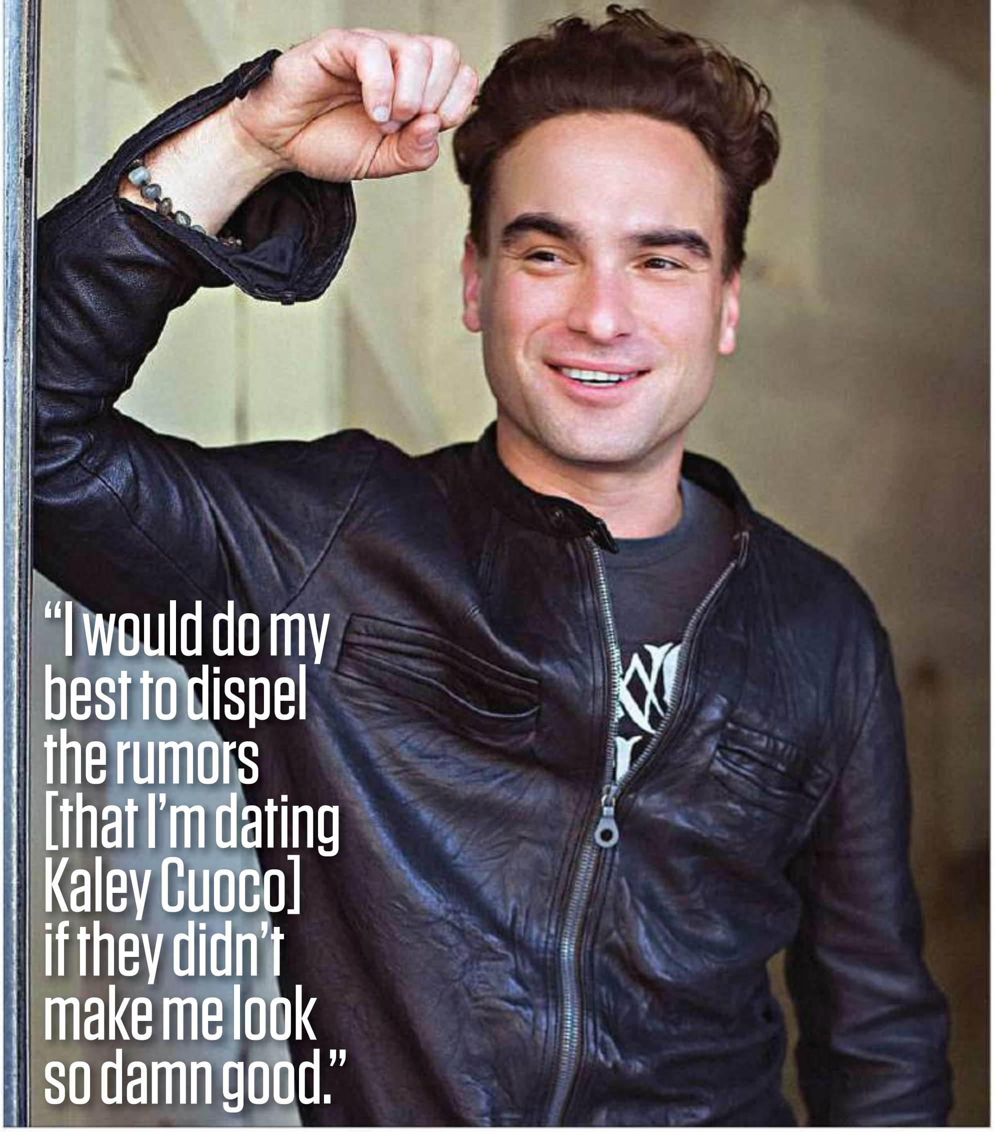
But despite Galecki's success, he's uniquely uninterested in the trappings of fame. He stays out of the tabloids, save for the occasional rumor that he's dating costar Kaley Cuoco. He's more likely to catch up on TiVo than commandeer a private booth at a nightclub. And he probably does not have the paparazzi on speed dial. With *Big Bang* wrapping up its third season this May, we talked to Galecki about nerd love, the fame game, and why he prefers to fly under the radar.

Who first approached you about the role in *Big Bang Theory*?
I was in New York doing a play. I was just loving being onstage and working with a live audience. But it's hard to do that and eat well at the same time. That was about the time that Chuck [Lorre] called me.

How do you convince an actor that he's perfect for the role of a physics nerd with no game?
First he talked to me about the role of Sheldon, but it just didn't strike a chord with me at all. So I told him I was more interested in Leonard and the romantic dynamic, which is something I don't generally get the opportunity to explore. Honestly, I thought he'd tell me to go fuck myself. But he said, "Well, then play that role." As far as convincing me that I'd be perfect for the role of a nerd, when you're Chuck, you don't really need to do a lot of convincing. I knew he was too smart to just do a Halloween-costume version of these nerds. That's a sight gag that might work for one joke, but Chuck's shows last a decade.

Scientists aren't usually the most popular bunch, but so many people love the characters on *BBT.* Why do you think people relate to them?
Unlike how people might look up to other characters on other shows because they're cool or they have it all together, they relate to these characters on a much more available and intimate level. They can relate to that horrible date, or that horrible manner in which you shove your foot in your mouth. It's a very even playing field.

The first pilot actually failed. Did you assume the show was doomed?
I've done enough pilots that I don't have high hopes for any of them. You generally hear, "Yes, the show's picked up," or you don't hear anything. But you never hear, "The show's not picked up, but we're going to give you another shot." And that's what CBS, in their infinite wisdom, did. It was shocking. But it was a great lesson, too, because when that first pilot didn't work, it kind of created a bible for us to stick to. We had no idea how protective an audience was going to feel toward these guys. I think the [pilot] kind of rode the fence of a show that made fun of intelligent people. Once we understood how protective an audience felt, it changed the tone of the show, and it became a show that defended intelligent people.



"I would do my best to dispel the rumors [that I'm dating Kaley Cuoco] if they didn't make me look so damn good."

The American Film Institute named it one of the ten best shows last year. Any shows you'd put in the Top 10?
My TiVo is boring. It's literally *Dateline, 60 Minutes, 60 Minutes II,* some porn. It's really pretty dull. I'm re-watching my DVDs of *The Sopranos* right now. I haven't been too adventurous lately.

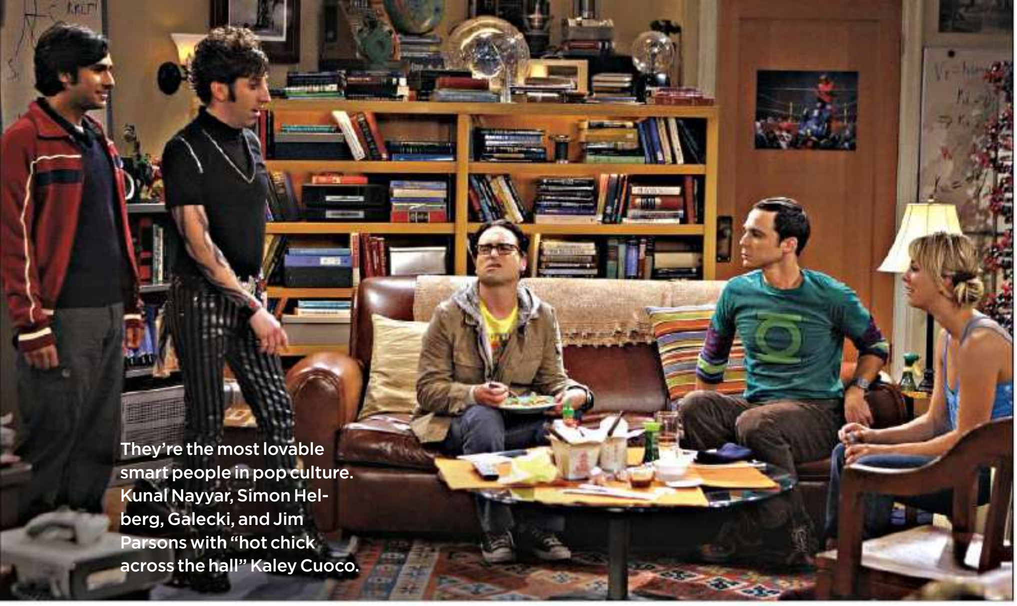
Do you think a guy like Leonard could get a girl like Penny in real life?
Yeah, I do. I was talking to Bill Prady, the cocreator of the show, about this. We share a certain spinelessness about approaching women, because we assume that she couldn't be interested. Then you see a photo of her in the paper two years later with someone very much like Leonard. Like, what the hell was I beating myself up for? Why was I so out of her league?

There's a theory that it's easier to hit on the tens than the sevens, because you have less competition.
I'd like to believe that's why I'm not approached so often—it's tough to go for the tens.

Before Leonard and Penny got together, your character hooked up a few times with a character played by your former *Roseanne* costar Sara Gilbert. Was that kind of like getting back with an ex-wife?
It felt a little incestuous, yeah. That was good fun. I've never had so many makeout scenes as playing this role. Who knew? Ironic that I might catch mono playing Leonard.

Seriously. So what's coming at the end of this season?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (ABOVE) RIKER BROTHERS, (RIGHT) CBS VIA GETTY



They're the most lovable smart people in pop culture. Kunal Nayyar, Simon Helberg, Galecki, and Jim Parsons with "hot chick across the hall" Kaley Cuoco.

TV's most unlikely couple? Kaley Cuoco's Penny and Galecki's Leonard.

I really don't know. I'm not trying to be enigmatic—I just have no idea. They keep us in the dark. We finish our live studio taping on Tuesday night, we take our bow, and they hand us a warm manila envelope with the next morning's script. That's generally the first we know of anything.

Well, do you want to see Leonard and Penny stay together?

Definitely. That was one of the reasons I was interested in the role to begin with. But no matter what they call it, no matter what the banner over their heads is—any sort of exploration of that flirtation is new to me, so I couldn't be happier.

What advice about girls would you give to Leonard?

The same advice I'm trying to adopt myself, which is that you just do best to shut the fuck up much of the time. I think men, by nature, are fixers, and a lot of the time women just need to vent. You don't have to offer up solutions on how to deal with the coworker she's not getting along with. Just shut the hell up and let her vent.

I've read rumors that you and Kaley Cuoco have been doing some Method acting.

That's very funny. I've read those things, too. I would do my best to dispel those rumors if they didn't make me look so damn good.

How do you keep your personal life private when you're on a hit show? There's really not much dirt on you.

That's not what my mother says. But my lifestyle is conducive to that kind of privacy, because I don't often leave the house. I don't want to claim to have it all figured out and be stunned on TMZ the next day. From my perspective right now—and I might eat these words at another point in my career—it seems like you need to really go out of your way to create that kind of spectacle for yourself. You know where to go, or where not to go. Clubs aren't the only places that serve a beer. If you need a sandwich, you don't have to go to Spago.

You did have a little drama a few years ago with a paternity suit, but it didn't get much attention. The gossip magazines don't seem to want to crucify you.

Well, that's a good thing. It was a very sad affair that has to do with someone who's obviously very unstable. There's just not much that's entertaining about it. [Galecki says that, to date, he's never met the woman involved in the paternity suit, which was eventually dropped.]

Your first major roles were alongside a couple of tabloid magnets: Chevy Chase and Roseanne Barr. Do you feel like you can handle anyone in Hollywood after that?

They were both fantastic to me. Those are the stories you don't hear. Rose was always incredible to us younger folks on the show—she just had a very specific vision of what she wanted to say and how she wanted to say it. And Chevy was amazing. During the lunch hours, he would take me over to the sets of *Ghostbusters 2* and *Harlem Nights.* I was hanging out with Redd Foxx and Bill Murray when I was 13. It was really amazing.

I have to defend the people in this business. I've had these deeply profound—and unfortunately ephemeral—families in every job I've had. It's those parasites who work in the shadows that you've got to look out for.

Did you learn anything from Chevy or Roseanne that sticks with you today?

I called Roseanne when *Big Bang* got picked up, to get her blessing and ask her advice. I realized I was going to be on billboards and on the sides of buses. And one piece of advice she gave was, "Never trust a journalist with an English accent."

That actually sounds like good advice. Now, before *Big Bang Theory,* you did a Broadway play, *The Little Dog Laughed.* How did you prep for the full-frontal scene?

I really wish I had a wittier answer to this, but you know, it's just acting. A little bit chillier than when you're clothed, but it's just acting. I was disappointed in how anticlimactic it was.

Anticlimactic—is that a pun?

No. The actual prep for the gig was fascinating. I played a call boy, and hanging out with those fellows was amazing. But taking your pants off is just taking your pants off. I had great hopes that it would be fantastically liberating, but ... just part of the job.

Oh, well. Did you pick up anything in theater that you've carried over into movies?

Oh, everything. I still use the film crew as an audience. It helps me gauge if I'm convincing or not. If the crew believes that I truly am depressed or heartbroken or drunk or whatever the scene requires, then I know that I'm on base.

What do you hope you'll be doing in five or ten years?

Wow, that's a good question. I've been thinking about it a lot lately—it's a difficult thing to answer, because I really only have those specific wishes when things aren't working out. And I'm hard-pressed to complain. I'm good at it when I can, but I can't complain right now.

a shot of yeager

Twenty-four-year-old Markesa Yeager is the perfect model to help us usher in spring. "I'm happiest in warm weather," the 34D-23-35 beauty tells us. "Sun, piña coladas, camping, night walks, the sound of sprinklers, and the smell of freshly cut grass.... And, with any luck, Detroit playoff basketball!"

Photographs by Christopher Love

"Nothing turns me on more than a manly man. I love a guy who can fix things and a man who protects his girl!"

“The most exciting place I’ve ever made love was in a car. We pulled into a random parking lot because I told him I wanted him. As soon as the car stopped, neither of us could resist.”

“My favorite fantasy
is about being watched
while I masturbate.
I get very turned on
by the idea of having
an audience as I
stimulate myself.”

"I'm a pretty simple girl. Nothing beats staying in with a bottle of wine, some takeout, and movies, then finishing up the night with a little naughtiness."

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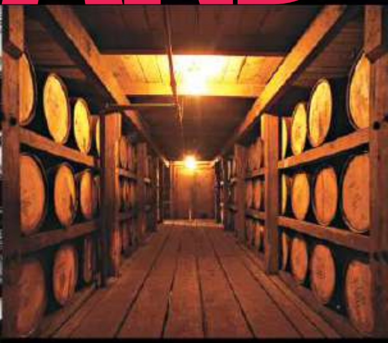


BOURBON

With bars open until 4 A.M., bourbon and barbecue around every corner, and strip clubs spread all over, the River City is a hell of a place for any bachelor binge. And that's before you take in the sights.

By William Spain

While most eyes focus on Louisville but one day a year—the first Saturday in May for the annual running of the Kentucky Derby—the commercial capital of Kentucky has lots of other entertainment options. From Churchill Downs to the Louisville Slugger factory to the Muhammad Ali Center to some of the best college sports in the nation, there are plenty of attractions to warm the heart of any red-blooded American male.

Churchill Downs is in many ways the crown jewel of Louisville, with its twin spires among the most well-known of local landmarks. Large parts of the venerable track were recently overhauled, and while the sense of history remains, there is a more modern and efficient feel than in years past.

The Spring Meet typically begins a week before the Derby and runs through early July. Then the equine action starts up again after Labor Day and usually runs until around Thanksgiving. In between, there is frequent simulcasting from other tracks, with plenty of cheap drinks to keep you betting. And even if it's totally dark, the on-site Kentucky Derby Museum is a must-see for any fan of the Sport of Kings.

Derby weekend is a great time to go, although the crowds are intense and the prices of everything from a hot dog to a hotel room are apt to triple. A better bet might be two weeks before the Run for the Roses, when the Derby Festival kicks off with Thunder Over Louisville, quite possibly the world's best fireworks display (and certainly the loudest). Consider this: An average Fourth of July fireworks show in New York City uses about six tons of shells. Thunder uses *60 tons.*

For those who prefer other, more brainless forms of wagering, there are "riverboat" casinos—the

Show-n-Tell
GIRLS

most notable being the Horseshoe—a short hop across the state line in Indiana. They offer all the usual stacked table games and plenty of slots, but be warned: It ain't Vegas. The drinks aren't free, the people aren't glamorous, and few of the gamblers seem to be enjoying themselves. But at least you can buy your own fireworks on the way back, thanks to Hoosier State law.

One must-do trip is the Urban Bourbon Trail (JustAddBourbon.com). To be considered a stop on the path, a bar must offer at least 50 kinds of bourbon. The bars on the trail are all good places to warm up before heading out to see the fillies at the city's various all-nude, down-and-dirty clubs. Just leave the incest jokes behind.

The surrounding area is nothing to sniff at, either. Not only does the Bluegrass State breed the world's best Thoroughbreds, but its distillers make some of the finest sipping whiskeys on the globe. Half a dozen bourbon distilleries, including Maker's Mark, Jim Beam, Buffalo Trace, and Heaven Hill, are within an easy drive. They will gladly take visitors through the process of making—and freely pouring samples of—Kentucky's finest.

Obviously, driving is not recommended for either the urban or rural drinking jaunt, but there are plenty of tours available. The best are probably from Mint Julep Tours (MintJulepTours.com), which can also get you into the Blue Grass Cooperage, where Brown-Forman makes the barrels for everything from Early Times to Woodford Reserve.

LOUISVILLE DIGS

Galt House

This massive hotel is smack-dab downtown, within easy walking distance to many major sights and plenty of places for liquid refreshment. It is relatively new but has plenty of character, and its location makes it ideal. It boasts a collection of one- and two-bedroom suites, some with balconies overlooking the Ohio River—the perfect spot for lighting up cigars or other recreational combustibles. As a bonus, it's also home to Jockey Silks, a bar with more than 120 kinds of bourbon to sample, as well as the Gallop to Glory, a takeoff on Hollywood's Walk of Fame, where all living Kentucky Derby–winning jockeys are invited to preserve their (tiny) handprints and signatures. GaltHouse.com

The Brown Hotel

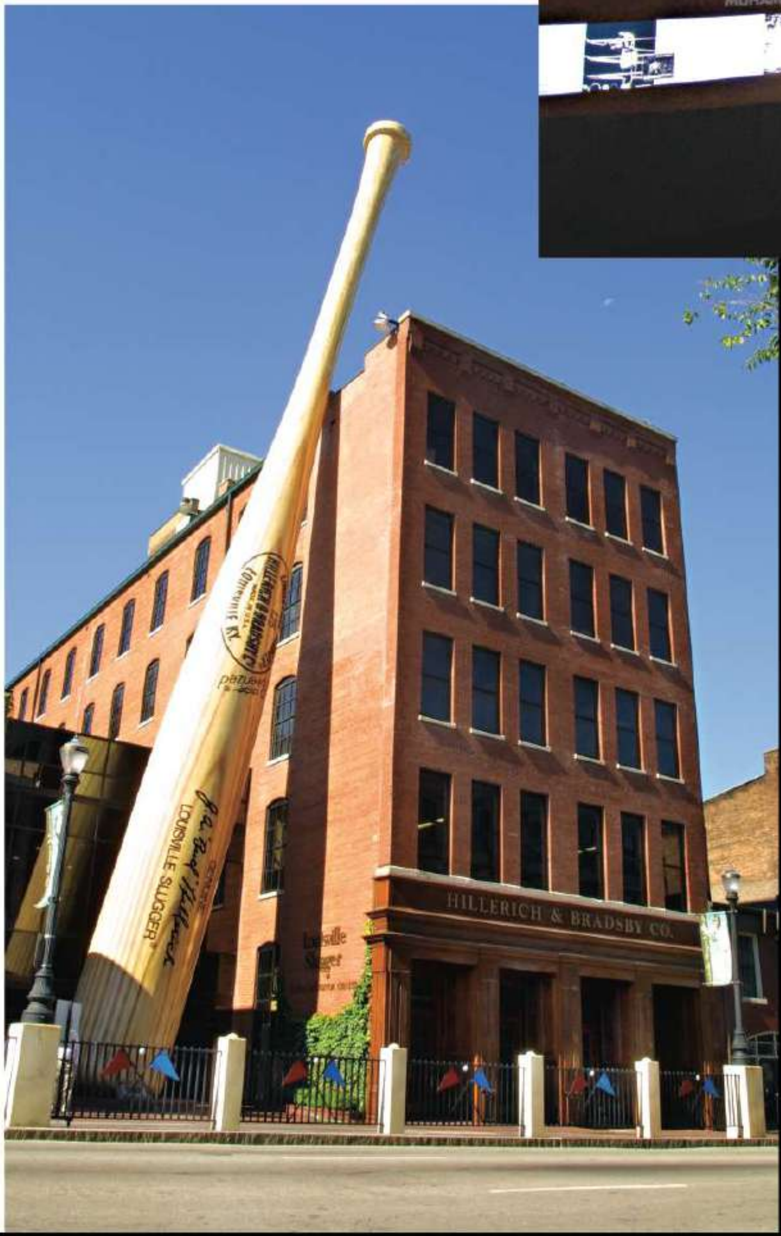
This place is like stepping into the past. It was built in the twenties, closed in the seventies, and renovated in the eighties; the interiors are visually stunning—especially the two-story hand-painted lobby with its magnificent, old-school bar. Try to get the groom the Muhammad Ali Suite, where the boxer has stayed and which displays all kinds of memorabilia, including signed gloves and photos, along with pretty much every book ever written by or about the Greatest. Kind of ironic really, considering most Louisville hotels probably would not have let Ali in the front door when he first came to prominence. BrownHotel.com

ALONG THE WAY

Louisville Slugger Museum & Factory

You can't miss it: It's under the world's largest bat. And you don't want to if you have even a drop of baseball fan in you. The factory tour alone is cool enough (it includes a free mini-bat that you don't want in your carry-on if you're flying home), but the museum is something special. It's full of interactive displays, including the chance to stand behind the plate to see what a 90-mile-an-hour fastball looks like coming at you. Exhibits include a bat used by Babe Ruth with notches for every homer he belted, and the ones swung by Joe DiMaggio during his 56-game hitting streak. Best of all, you get to heft (though not swing) game-used bats of some of the sport's biggest legends, past and present. One recent afternoon, they had bats available from David Ortiz, Rod Carew, Jim Thome, and Mickey Mantle. SluggerMuseum.org

MUHAMMAD ALI'S SPIRITU



SPIRITUALITY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (PREVIOUS SPREAD, DERBY) COURTESY OF LOUISVILLE CONVENTION & VISITORS BUREAU/DAN DRY; (FIREWORKS) DANIEL DEMPSTER PHOTOGRAPHY/ALAMY; (SLUGGER MUSEUM & FACTORY) COURTESY OF LOUISVILLE CONVENTION & VISITORS BUREAU/JAMES MOSES; (FRAZIER MUSEUM, MUHAMMAD ALI CENTER) COURTESY OF LOUISVILLE CONVENTION & VISITORS BUREAU

From Churchill Downs to the Muhammad Ali Center, there are plenty of attractions for any red-blooded American male.

The Muhammad Ali Center
While they're pretty heavy on the spiritual side of the Champ and his career, the Ali Center (above) offers fantastic displays of boxing memorabilia, portraits and photos, and extensive fight films, including 15 of his greatest bouts. There is also a "Train with Ali" exhibit, a re-creation of his Deer Lake Training Camp where you can try shadow boxing with him, knock around the speed bag, and feel the weight of an Ali punch on the heavy bag. But show some respect: The Center takes its mission very seriously. And if there's any native of Louisville you don't want to piss off, it's Ali. AliCenter.org

The Frazier Museum
Where there's an Ali, there has to be a Frazier, right? While this institution has nothing to do with Smokin' Joe, the Frazier (left, top and bottom) does emphasize the fighting arts, with an enormous weapons collection that includes Geronimo's bow, Teddy Roosevelt's Holland & Holland hunting rifle, and George Armstrong Custer's 1861 pearl-handled Colt revolvers. There's also a complete nineteenth-century gunsmith's workshop, along with items from the infamous James Gang, as in Jesse. FrazierMuseum.org

Cardinals Rule
The University of Louisville has long been known for its powerful athletic teams. The Cardinals are perennial Big East championship contenders in men's basketball under coach John Calipari. They're finishing up their final year at historic Freedom Hall, where they draw record crowds, consistently ranking in the nation's top five in home-game attendance.

The football team has not been so hot lately, but the 2010 schedule includes games against nine bowl teams from last year. Even if new head coach Charlie Strong needs more time to pull his team together, their opponents could be running some decent plays. The seven home games will be in the recently expanded Papa John's Cardinal Stadium, which went from 42,000 seats to 56,000. The Cards draw a large, enthusiastic crowd, especially when playing their archrivals from the University of Kentucky in nearby Lexington. UOfLSports.com

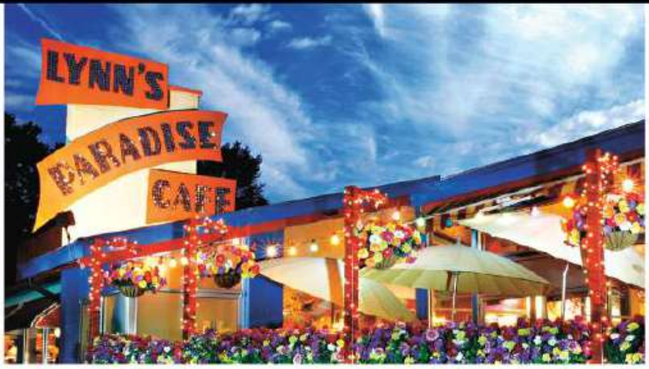
LOUISVILLE EATS

Maker's Mark Bourbon House & Lounge
This is a good place to get acquainted with the finest whiskeys Kentucky has to offer, and, best of all, it's in the middle of Fourth Street Live, a traffic-free row of restaurants and clubs where you can actually imbibe on the road. Cocktails made with Maker's are among the specialties, but this place does not neglect the competition. A good way to start would be with a bourbon flight, and it offers a wide variety of themed ones, including high-rye, low-rye, wheated, and single-barrel. The heavily bourbon-accented food is only so-so, but the portions are fairly generous and the prices are reasonable. They have some great private rooms, too. MakersLounge.com

Jeff Ruby's Steakhouse
This joint is most definitely not cheap, but it has the best high-end meat in town—and a very cool, very well-stocked bar. Before digging into some of the signature steaks, like the Cowboy Steak or the Bone-in Filet Mignon, take a run at the raw bar. Sure, Louisville is a long way from the ocean, but it's a major airline cargo hub, and much of the seafood will be just as fresh as in any coastal burg. One local favorite is the Collinsworth, a filet mignon topped with crabmeat, béarnaise sauce, and asparagus. Try it with a side of lobster mashed potatoes. For a real bash-up, check out one of the private rooms, with their unique décor, like elevator doors from the Chrysler Building in New York City and memorabilia from Triple Crown–winning jockey Steve Cauthen. JeffRuby.com

BOURBONS
BISTRO
EST.

The bars on the bourbon trail are good places to warm up before heading out to see the fillies at the city's all-nude, down-and-dirty clubs.



Lynn's Paradise Café
With the best brunch in town, this is the place to lose that hangover. Start with the drinks: Any one of their monster mimosas, bourbon milk shakes, or 36-ingredient Bloody Marys will take care of the morning-after jitters. Thus fortified, dig in to overstuffed omelets, crunch cakes, cinnamon-swirl French toast, BLT fries, cheese grits, fried green tomatoes, biscuits and gravy, etc. If you managed to avoid arrest the night before, Lynn's will see to that to, too, with a good chance of a cardiac one. LynnsParadiseCafe.com

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LYNN'S PARADISE CAFÉ) COURTESY OF LOUISVILLE CONVENTION & VISITORS BUREAU/MARTY PEARL, (RIGHT PAGE) ANDREAS SCHLEGEL/GETTY IMAGES

WATERING HOLES

Saddle Ridge

Billed as a party place for "professionals only," Saddle Ridge is also on Fourth Street Live and offers some of the cheapest drink specials in town. Those specials, the live entertainment, and the free admission mean it attracts a bevy of local beauties—especially on weekends—who are not shy about dancing on tables or bars. And you don't even need to tip 'em. One local commented that on particularly raucous evenings, "even the Elephant Man could get laid here." SaddleRidgeLouisville.com

Stevie Ray's Blues Bar

Low cover charges and cheap drinks make entry to Stevie Ray's attractive; the tunes will keep you inside. There's live music seven nights a week, including the best local and national blues bands. And it has a very authentic, low-key feel, as all shows are first come, first serve, and Stevie Ray's does not reserve tables or presell tickets. Lay down a good drinking base first, though: The bar doesn't serve food. As a bonus, it's right around the corner from PT's Showclub. StevieRaysBluesBar.com

The Sports & Social Club

This place, also right on Fourth Street Live, has it all. Great pub food (including an eight-ounce sirloin burger named the Golden Arm, in tribute to University of Louisville and NFL great Johnny Unitas), along with a bowling alley, pool tables, live entertainment, and a private party room with all-you-can-drink packages starting at $15 per person per hour. It also boasts what it calls "the ultimate sports viewing room," which is bedecked with a pair of 100-inch high-definition projectors and digital surround sound. TheSportsAndSocialClub.com

LOOKY-LOUISVILLE

Show-n-Tell

This is a good place to start the voyeur voyage because it only gets better from here. Show-n-Tell has two main advantages: It's an easy walk from the downtown hotels and it's small. The fact that the girls move about on the pole-festooned bar just a few feet away pretty much exhausts its appeal. The place was virtually empty on a recent Friday night—and it was easy to see why. Some of the strippers had more and bigger bruises than boobs. About the best-looking thing about this one-time photography store is outside—a cool neon sign shaped like an old-fashioned camera. 425 West Chestnut Street; 502-568-3157.

Bottoms Up

Bottoms Up is definitely a rung up, but we're still nowhere near the top of the ladder. The all-nude talent is mixed, from real stunners to a few that are actually worth tipping to put their clothes back on. The drink prices for the customers aren't too steep, but the girls like to hustle their $22 mini-cocktails. For that, you get about 20 minutes of lap time and some scintillating conversation, plus a few giggles and close-up looks at the goods. For some reason, this club seems to be extra-heavy on single moms, so the groom will get a good idea of where his beloved may end up if he kicks her to the curb after a few years of marital bliss. 2515 7th Street Road; 502-635-2582.

PT's Showclub

This all-nude outfit is definitely the best in show. And no surprise: It's run by the same chain that operates some of the Penthouse Clubs. Not only does PT's have some of the hottest ladies in Louisville, it's open until 4 A.M., boasts a two-for-one happy hour Monday through Friday, and features clean and comfy private VIP rooms. No question it's a local favorite for bachelor parties; there were two or three in progress one recent evening, and the girls were really pushing the limits with the drunken groomsmen. One relative oddity: It's especially popular with couples. Very strange to see a guy getting a lap grind while the dancer flaunts her nipples in his date's face. 227 East Market Street; 502-468-1447; PTsShowclub.com

[angel&antonia]

happy campers

As soon as the warm weather arrives, Angel and Antonia head to the nearest state park to get back to nature. And for these sweet young things, nothing comes more naturally than exploring each other's curvy physique—and satisfying each other's sinful, sexy desires.

Photographs by Viv Thomas

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA.
GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM.
SEE MORE OF ANGEL & ANTONIA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Relationships may be more complicated than ever, but the eternal truth is, sex is—and should be—good. In order to help you get the most out of your sex life, you need advice from experts on both sides of the bed.

By Martin Downs, M.P.H., and Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

THE REAL DEAL

Is there any particular sexual position that most girls orgasm in? One girl told me it's better when she's on top. Another told me it's better for her doggie-style. But my current girlfriend told me her orgasms are most intense when her feet are up in the air. What's the deal?

The Downs side: What's the deal, indeed. If I knew, I'd be more famous than Kinsey and Einstein put together; as it is, not enough is known about the female orgasm to say anything about "most" women. I can, however, talk about "many" women.

Many women will come if the position is right. For many other women—estimates range from 20 to 30 percent—the old in-and-out, by itself, never does the trick. But many of those women can come with a tongue, fingers, or a vibrator on the clitoris. Just about any sex position, with a little jostling, could allow her, or you, or maybe a third party if you're so inclined, to assist with the clit.

For decades, sex researchers have been brawling over the true source of the female orgasm. Some argue that the clitoris is the root of all orgasms, and that the vaginal G spot is a myth. That baffles and sometimes infuriates women who are sure they have such a spot, and that they can have orgasms without involving the clitoris. Even Dr. Ernst Gräfenberg, the sexologist credited with discovering the G spot, never suggested that it was a master key to the female orgasm. Sixty years ago, Gräfenberg wrote, "Innumerable erotogenic spots are distributed all over the body, from where sexual satisfaction can be elicited; these are so many that we can almost say that there is no part of the female body which does not give sexual response, the partner has only to find the erotogenic zones."

Rather than worry about which spot or sexual technique gives pleasure to most women, focus on the one you're with. What makes her come might be different from what you'd expect, but don't question it.

The Pet doctor: When it comes to the Big O, every woman is different. Some women love being on top, as it puts them in control and they can rub their clit against their partner's pubic bone just the way they like it. Others like a variation on the missionary position where the man rides "higher in the saddle," alternating between rubbing her clit with his pubic bone and gentle thrusting. Women who get off from G-spot stimulation coupled with some domination often prefer the hair-pulling, butt-smacking doggie-style position. My personal favorite is on my back with my butt propped up with a pillow, my feet up in the air, and my knees up to my chin. This position gives my G spot just the right stimulation and permits eye contact and kissing, which for me intensifies the ultimate O.

The only way to find out what your woman truly likes is to try all of the above. Think of yourself as an erotic Jacques Cousteau, an explorer of the female form and function. Dive right in and enjoy the adventure.

OOPS!

Maybe it's just me, but almost every guy I've been with has at some point during intercourse tried to fuck my ass. Does every guy have bad aim, or are they just hoping I'll let them in the backdoor without a pass?

The Downs side: It could be either. There's an argument to be made for keeping the lights on, because the anus and vagina are not too far apart. If you're fumbling around in the dark, it's easy to make an honest mistake.

But it's also possible that some of those guys probably intended to fuck your ass. I cannot condone such behavior, but I can't condemn it outright, either. Now, if you tell your partner in no uncertain terms that you don't do anal sex and he still tries to sneak it up your butt, he should be kicked out of bed.

Oftentimes, though, people don't review their sexual likes and dislikes prior to hooking up. What's more, some women don't like guys to be too chatty *or* timid in bed. If you're the "shut up and fuck me" type, then an exploratory poke in the butt is excusable. However, as a general rule, guys ought to ask first.

To prevent unwanted anal advances, you have to take some responsibility, too. Say up front that your ass is off-limits. It would also help to take matters in hand, literally, and guide him in.

The Pet doctor: There are certainly a few awkward, inexperienced porkers who may inadvertently knock on the backdoor in a bumbling attempt at any sort of penetration. But most guys claim that their intentional ass-ploration is a case of bad aim. After all, a majority of men are fascinated with anal penetration and are convinced it will feel better and tighter than vaginal intercourse. Others equate their penis to a spear, and think it's fun to jab it around and see where it might fit. Of course, most women hate that sort of aimless poking about, as pleasurable anal penetration requires lots of anal foreplay and some forethought. Feel free to show those backdoor bumblers out your front door.

PHOTOGRAPH BY (RIGHT) ENVISION/CORBIS

A MATTER OF TASTE

My girlfriend and I had a disagreement about taste. She says that men can alter the taste of their semen by changing their diet, but the same isn't true for women—that dietary intake has no effect on how a woman's pussy tastes. Is she right?

The Pet doctor: She is so wrong. Dietary intake does have an effect on our genital flavors regardless of gender. Salty and spicy foods, excess alcohol and nicotine, meat, dairy, curry, garlic, onions, and asparagus tend to make genitals taste bitter. Fruits, particularly pineapples, citrus, cherries, and mangos, are supposed to give our genitals a sweet flavor. There's also some evidence that herbal teas and infusions such as mint, chamomile, and orange blossom can enhance genital taste. Of course, there are no guarantees that any of these things will make one taste scrumptious, as an individual's chemistry reacts with what he or she eats.

Being well-hydrated is also important for good genital taste. Dehydrated men and women often produce thicker secretions and may have a more salty or sour taste, so load up on agua for a milder taste.

There's also an adult-industry secret that some swear improves their genital taste. An over-the-counter medication called guaifenesin (the active ingredient in Robitussin/Mucinex and other mucolytics) can be used to thin secretions when taken about an hour before sex with lots of water. It is used as an expectorant for coughs and off-label to help thin mucus for an easier sperm journey in couples attempting to get pregnant. Female adult stars also swear that taking guaifenesin makes them extra wet.

The Downs side: I agree with Dr. Z: Your girlfriend is absolutely wrong. A woman's diet most definitely can affect the taste of her pussy. The vagina secretes a variety of fluids, including sweat. Some foods contain aromatic chemicals that seep out of the body in sweat. Garlic and onions, for example, contain a pungent chemical that's secreted in sweat, so eating a lot of those things could noticeably change a woman's bouquet.

Diet can also affect the vagina's pH, which is normally fairly acidic. Sex-ed maven Violet Blue has written brilliantly about the taste of coochie, noting that a healthy vagina has about the same pH as wine. Beneficial bacteria in the vagina keep the pH acidic, which inhibits the growth of harmful bacteria.

Nutrients such as vitamin A and calcium may support a healthy balance of vaginal bacteria, and there's some evidence that a diet high in saturated fat may interfere with that balance, reducing the vagina's acidity. That may make a woman prone to bacterial vaginosis, an overgrowth of harmful bacteria that causes such symptoms as itching, pain, and foul-smelling discharge.

Scientists haven't specifically studied the relationship between changes in vaginal pH and taste, so I can only guess that a woman on a high-fat diet might have a less tangy-tasting pussy. That said, I'd like to hear from any connoisseurs who can tell if a woman is on the Atkins diet just by going down on her.

CAMERA SHY

My boyfriend and I have been together for about a year, and I told him it would be okay for him to make a sex video of us. I really was okay with it at first, but now, not so much. I've been stalling because I'm wondering what will happen to the video if we split up. Should I be worried about where the tape might end up?

The Downs side: I want you to try something: Google "girlfriend sex video." How many results do you see? I found 7.9 million. Granted, some couples put their homemade sex videos online with each other's full knowledge and consent. More often, though, that's not the case. If you make a sex video, you've got to accept that it might end up on the web, whether you break up with the guy or not. Even if you can completely trust him not to upload it to an amateur-porn site, remember, computers get hacked and stolen, thumb drives get misplaced, and roommates snoop.

On the other hand, making your own private porn can be a lot of fun. If you decide to do it, there's one major precaution you can take to protect your privacy: Keep your face out of the frame. If that means he can't capture a blowjob on camera, so be it. A tightly focused point-of-view shot taken from behind is probably pretty safe. It's unlikely that anyone would recognize your naked ass in a video clip.

Another tip: Secure the video files as if they were highly enriched plutonium. After you make your movie, transfer it to a computer together. Archive the files and protect them with a secure password (not 1234 or your date of birth).

If you really don't trust him, you can insist on setting the password and keeping it to yourself. That way, you can watch it together whenever you want, or let him have a private moment with it now and then. Or you could make one copy on a DVD or a removable drive, and securely delete all other files, including the ones on the video camera.

But if you do lose track of the video, don't try out for *American Idol*.

The Pet doctor: Yes, you absolutely should be worried! In this age of ubiquitous digital networking, you may well find your sexy ass plastered all over the internet. It's happened to numerous Hollywood celebrities, centerfolds, and beauty-pageant winners, and it's come close to ruining a few careers. You could try to protect yourself by keeping control of the recording, but if your boyfriend provides the camera and recorder, he would have a legal claim to it. Moreover, since he's been pushing to tape your bedroom action, he'll want to keep at least a copy. However, such home videos have a tendency to get "lost" or "stolen"—that is, until they turn up as the latest item in a porn company's catalog.

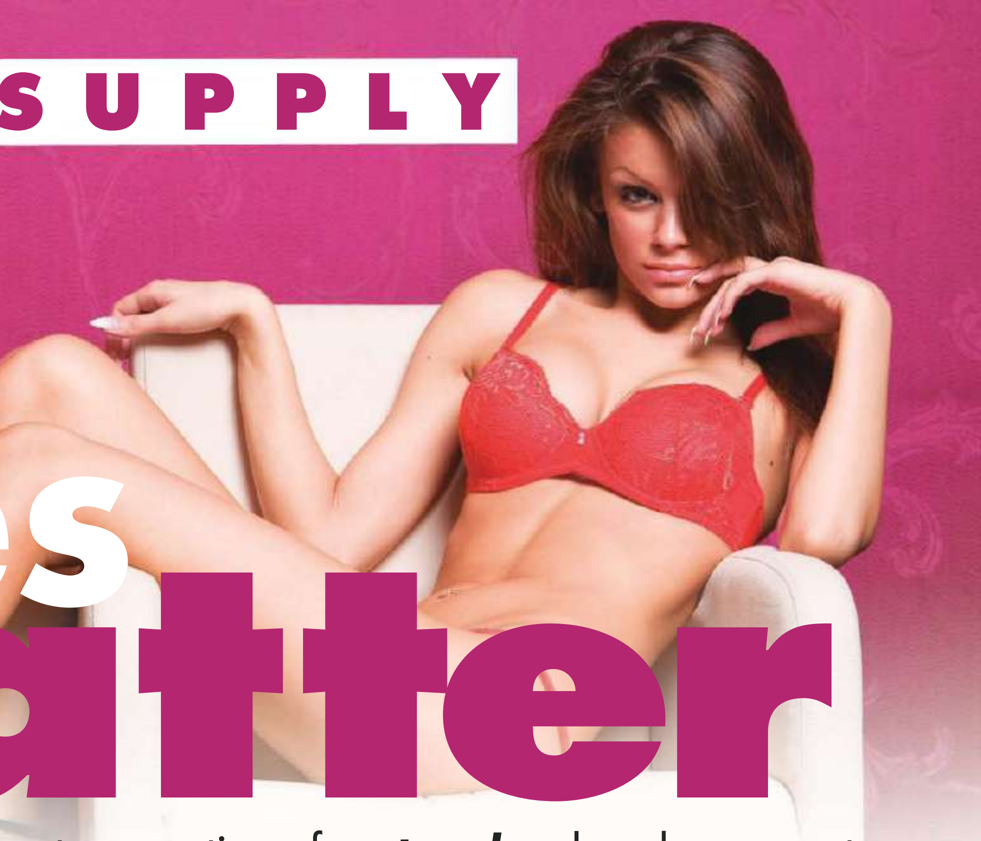
You can spend mega-bucks trying to force internet sites or porn producers to trash your video, but once it's out there, it's nearly impossible to keep your pussy out of the public eye. Then, too, your video can be stumbled upon by some curious family member, like your kids.

That said, you could still have some voyeuristic fun by getting one of those gadgets that projects your action onto a TV, giving you and your boyfriend the visual arousal without creating a permanent record. If you want, you can even record it on a DVR, as long as you have an agreement that it will be erased after you've both viewed it. But generally speaking, any home video incorporating sexual content is a bad idea.

PHOTOGRAPH BY B2M PRODUCTIONS/GETTY

Submit your questions about sex, relationships, and women to Martin and/or Victoria at sexed@ffn.com.

FREE SUPPLY



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"I'm in my early 40s, but it was like I was 19 again! I was finally able to meet the challenge of my very passionate partner and prove to be the all-night, untiring lover I always wanted to be," added Curt.

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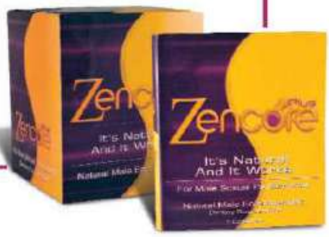

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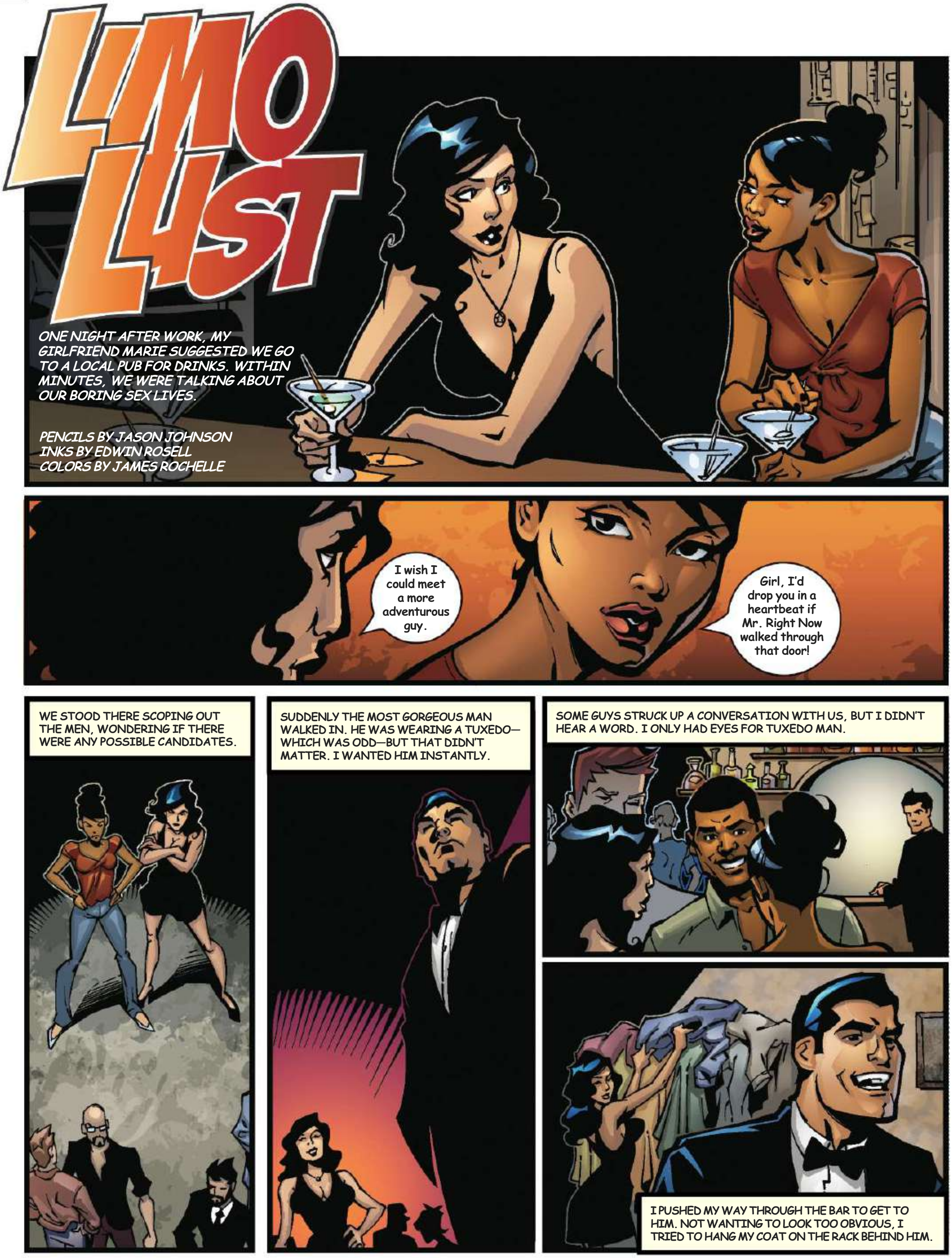
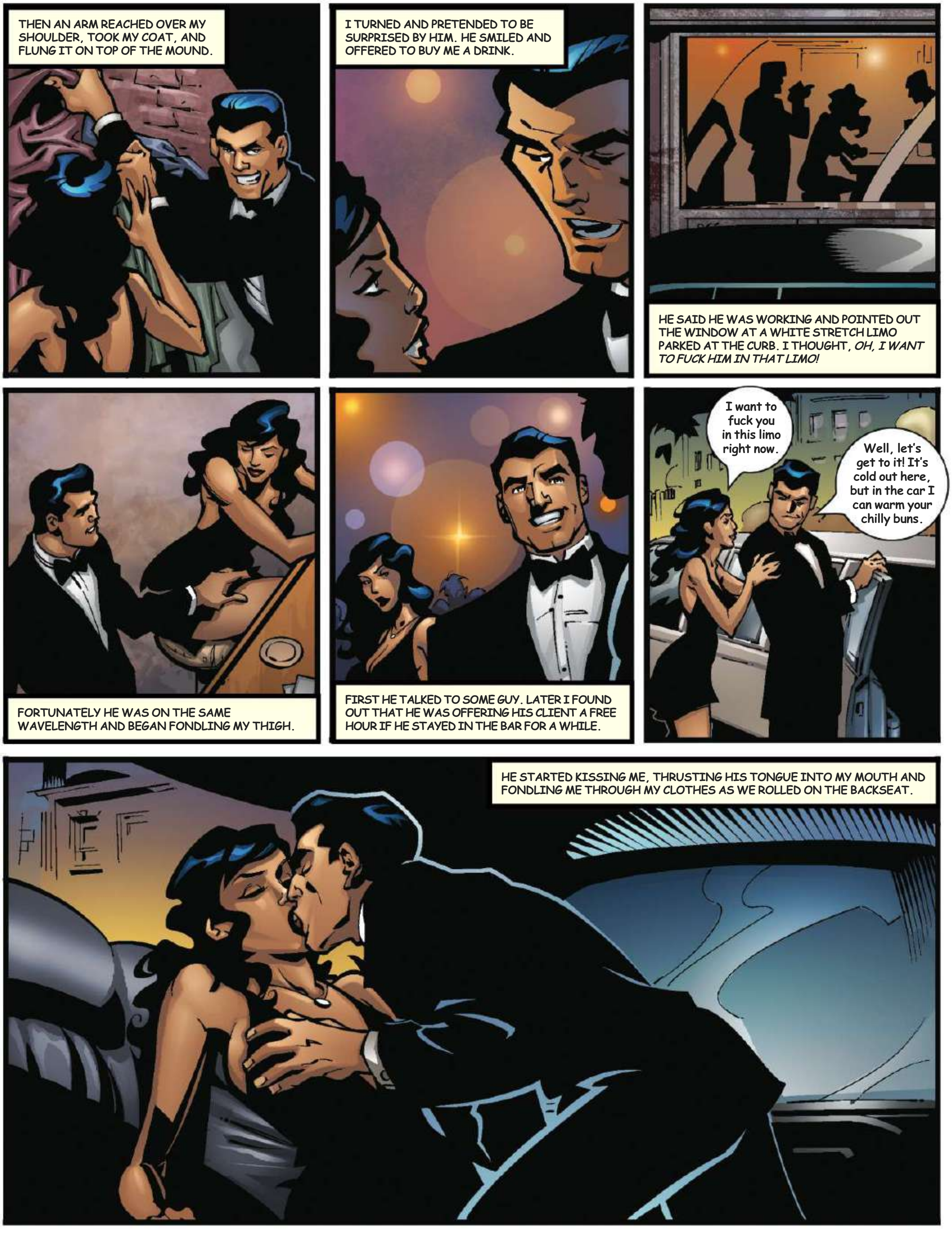
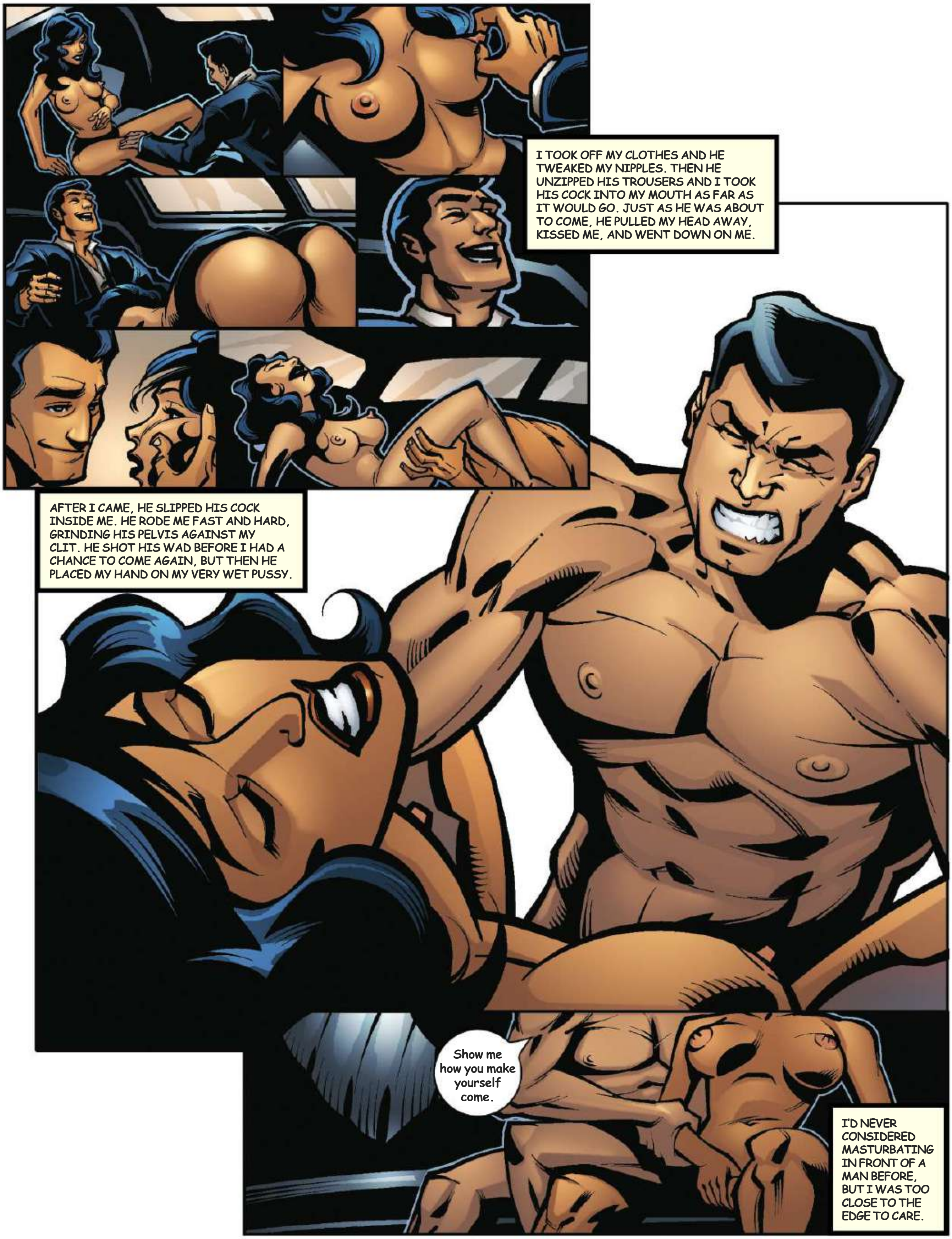
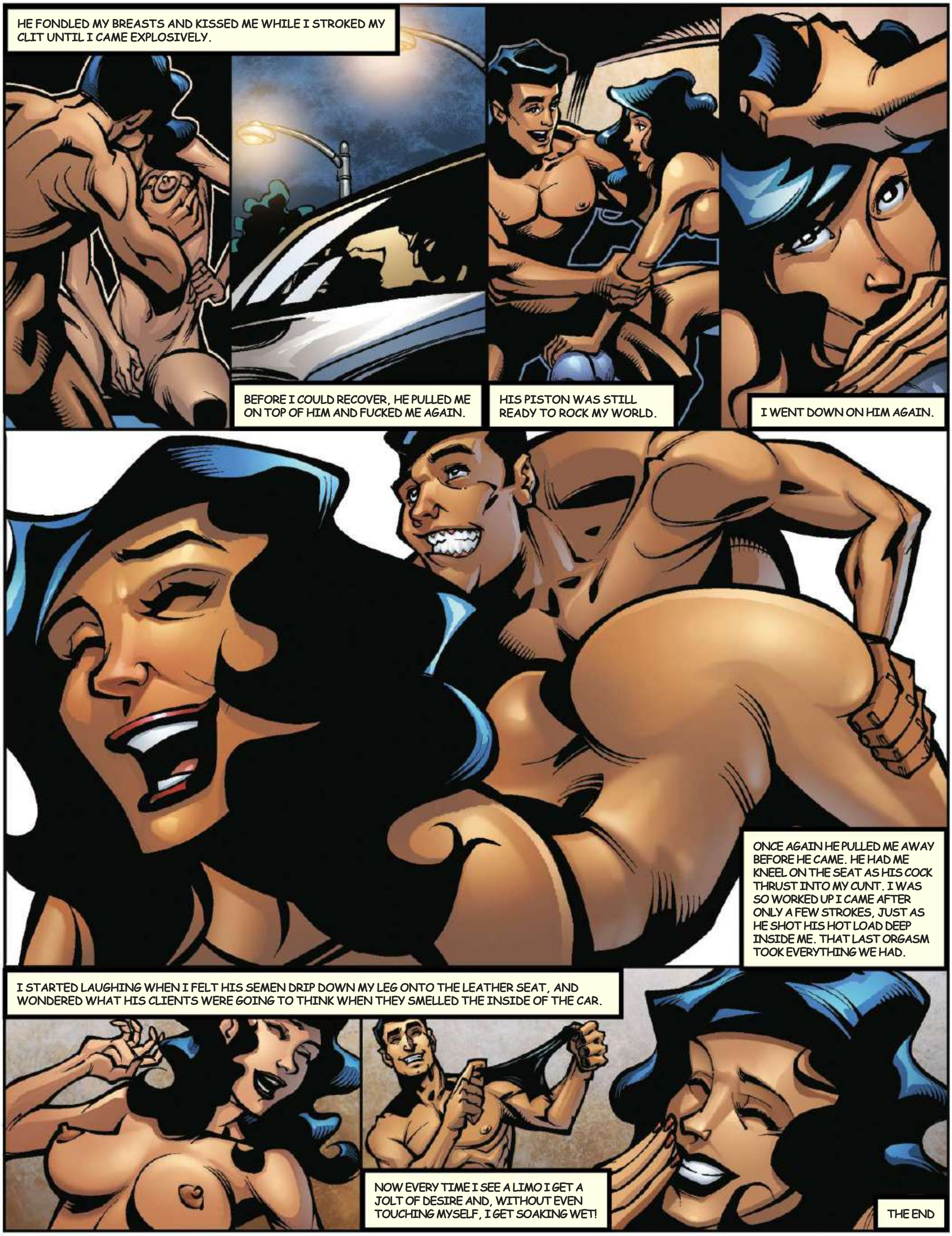
LIMO LUST


ONE NIGHT AFTER WORK, MY GIRLFRIEND MARIE SUGGESTED WE GO TO A LOCAL PUB FOR DRINKS. WITHIN MINUTES, WE WERE TALKING ABOUT OUR BORING SEX LIVES.
PENCILS BY JASON JOHNSON
INKS BY EDWIN ROSELL
COLORS BY JAMES ROCHELLE
I wish I could meet a more adventurous guy.
Girl, I'd drop you in a heartbeat if Mr. Right Now walked through that door!
WE STOOD THERE SCOPING OUT THE MEN, WONDERING IF THERE WERE ANY POSSIBLE CANDIDATES.
SUDDENLY THE MOST GORGEOUS MAN WALKED IN. HE WAS WEARING A TUXEDO—WHICH WAS ODD—BUT THAT DIDN'T MATTER. I WANTED HIM INSTANTLY.
SOME GUYS STRUCK UP A CONVERSATION WITH US, BUT I DIDN'T HEAR A WORD. I ONLY HAD EYES FOR TUXEDO MAN.
I PUSHED MY WAY THROUGH THE BAR TO GET TO HIM. NOT WANTING TO LOOK TOO OBVIOUS, I TRIED TO HANG MY COAT ON THE RACK BEHIND HIM.


THEN AN ARM REACHED OVER MY SHOULDER, TOOK MY COAT, AND FLUNG IT ON TOP OF THE MOUND.
I TURNED AND PRETENDED TO BE SURPRISED BY HIM. HE SMILED AND OFFERED TO BUY ME A DRINK.
HE SAID HE WAS WORKING AND POINTED OUT THE WINDOW AT A WHITE STRETCH LIMO PARKED AT THE CURB. I THOUGHT, *OH, I WANT TO FUCK HIM IN THAT LIMO!*
FORTUNATELY HE WAS ON THE SAME WAVELENGTH AND BEGAN FONDLING MY THIGH.
FIRST HE TALKED TO SOME GUY. LATER I FOUND OUT THAT HE WAS OFFERING HIS CLIENT A FREE HOUR IF HE STAYED IN THE BAR FOR A WHILE.
I want to fuck you in this limo right now.
Well, let's get to it! It's cold out here, but in the car I can warm your chilly buns.
HE STARTED KISSING ME, THRUSTING HIS TONGUE INTO MY MOUTH AND FONDLING ME THROUGH MY CLOTHES AS WE ROLLED ON THE BACKSEAT.


I TOOK OFF MY CLOTHES AND HE TWEAKED MY NIPPLES. THEN HE UNZIPPED HIS TROUSERS AND I TOOK HIS COCK INTO MY MOUTH AS FAR AS IT WOULD GO. JUST AS HE WAS ABOUT TO COME, HE PULLED MY HEAD AWAY, KISSED ME, AND WENT DOWN ON ME.
AFTER I CAME, HE SLIPPED HIS COCK INSIDE ME. HE RODE ME FAST AND HARD, GRINDING HIS PELVIS AGAINST MY CLIT. HE SHOT HIS WAD BEFORE I HAD A CHANCE TO COME AGAIN, BUT THEN HE PLACED MY HAND ON MY VERY WET PUSSY.
Show me how you make yourself come.
I'D NEVER CONSIDERED MASTURBATING IN FRONT OF A MAN BEFORE, BUT I WAS TOO CLOSE TO THE EDGE TO CARE.


HE FONDLED MY BREASTS AND KISSED ME WHILE I STROKED MY CLIT UNTIL I CAME EXPLOSIVELY.
BEFORE I COULD RECOVER, HE PULLED ME ON TOP OF HIM AND FUCKED ME AGAIN.
HIS PISTON WAS STILL READY TO ROCK MY WORLD.
I WENT DOWN ON HIM AGAIN.
ONCE AGAIN HE PULLED ME AWAY BEFORE HE CAME. HE HAD ME KNEEL ON THE SEAT AS HIS COCK THRUST INTO MY CUNT. I WAS SO WORKED UP I CAME AFTER ONLY A FEW STROKES, JUST AS HE SHOT HIS HOT LOAD DEEP INSIDE ME. THAT LAST ORGASM TOOK EVERYTHING WE HAD.
I STARTED LAUGHING WHEN I FELT HIS SEMEN DRIP DOWN MY LEG ONTO THE LEATHER SEAT, AND WONDERED WHAT HIS CLIENTS WERE GOING TO THINK WHEN THEY SMELLED THE INSIDE OF THE CAR.
NOW EVERY TIME I SEE A LIMO I GET A JOLT OF DESIRE AND, WITHOUT EVEN TOUCHING MYSELF, I GET SOAKING WET!
THE END

kalifornication

Maybe the Beach Boys were onto something when they sang, "I wish they all could be California girls." We're certainly happy to know San Diego's Danni Kalifornia. The 21-year-old model with the brilliant smile and the 34D-24-34 curves will rock your world as well.

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker

"I really want to have sex in a restaurant bathroom. It will be one of those times when you're just so turned on and want to get to it, and you can't wait."

“When I worked for a catering company, I had sex with a co-worker I was dating in the refrigerated truck while it was raining. Even in the cold, we got pretty hot.”

"I'm not too hard to please when it comes to dates. A nice dinner and a movie will do it. But of course you've got to switch it up if I let you stick around."

“If I could be anyone else for a day, I would be Marilyn Monroe. I’m intrigued by all the conspiracy theories about her suicide. I would love to know what went through her head and what really happened.”

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STATUESQUE

Penthouse Features

Putting women on a pedestal is given a literal treatment as a mysterious billionaire offers up the sexual services of his five statuesque “wives” for the pleasure of a handpicked group of similarly powerful businessmen. Charisma Cappelli, a long, toned blonde with a gorgeous face, provides the most memorable of those services, chuffing Johnny Castle’s considerable rod with a determination that you’ll find, uh, inspiring, to say the least. Tiger Woods’s onetime plaything Holly Sampson appears in a scene with director Randy Spears; if the layout of this blonde beauty in our February issue left you wondering how she is in action, check out this scene, which reveals her talent and enthusiasm for cocksucking and a range of sexual positions. She so inspires her kinky costar that he drops his load on the soles of her feet. Fans of girl-girl action won’t be disappointed by the connection made by cover girl Jazy Berlin and Samantha Ryan, although their vignette has little if any bearing on the flick’s story as a whole. But keep your fingers off the fast-forward button until after Tommy Gunn creams on Victoria Valentino’s tummy.

Above: Charisma Cappelli and Johnny Castle. Right: Jazy Berlin and Samantha Ryan.

By Johnny Bronx

18 AND DANGEROUS
Penthouse Features

Any grown man who's ever fucked an 18-year-old knows what a handful she can be. That's the idea behind *18 and Dangerous,* a journey through the exploits of middle-aged Dick (Randy Spears), a bottom-line, by-the-numbers, boring bastard (un)lucky enough to try dipping into life's bottomless, barely legal bitchwell. Dick learns a valuable life lesson when his wife (India Summer) invites nubile young Lilith (Brynn Tyler) to stay with them while preparing to start college. Before Dick and Lilith's inevitable coupling, she hooks up with a gal pal (Angelina Ashe) and gives the Peeping Dick (and the viewer) plenty of fantasy fodder—until his wife catches him red-handed ... and red-faced. By the story's end he learns that 18-year-old pussy isn't nearly as dangerous as an older woman scorned.

Above left: Brynn Tyler and Randy Spears.
Above right: Lexi Belle and Scott Styles.

CALL GIRL COEDS
Penthouse Forum

Lexi Belle leads a posse of party girls who need help making their grades in this supersexy DVD—and performs an ass-bouncing monster of a scene to close it out. The sex leading up to that is grade-A, too: Brynn Tyler throws a great fuck to Seth Gamble, who rewards her with a mighty come shot (Brynn laughs about how much he spews on her). Five-foot-nine Tiffany Tyler takes a firm fucking from Nick Manning, who slobbers on the tiny-titted beauty's poon before banging her on a car hood. Lexi's scene is a great way to end the show. Besides being almost hypnotically cute, she has that rare porno asset: the full bush. She gets exactly the look on her face you'd want from a hypnotically cute, full-bushed girl who's rocking your world—a ball-draining combo of satisfaction and gratitude. The gals' ulterior motive becomes obvious early on, but ultimately the story takes a backseat to the sex, and I couldn't care less. Neither will you.

All the DVDs reviewed in *Penthouse* can be purchased at PenthouseStore.com.

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SNOW BALLING

Every winter my friend Karen and I go on a trip to our favorite ski lodge in Vermont—mostly for the partying and cute snowboarders, though we always take a ski lesson, too. If we're going to score dates, we have to fit in, right? But on our last trip, we scored more than dates.

We'd signed up for a beginners' class, and we were the only students. We considered leaving—until we saw our instructor. Devon was gorgeous! He was tall and lean, and even under all his gear I could tell he was built.

Devon flirted throughout the lesson, calling us "cute snow bunnies." By the time our two hours were up, we'd learned how to fall, swerve, and stop, and been invited to "the coolest party of the season." All in all, it was a productive lesson.

That night, while Karen and I were getting ready, we decided that we'd have to share Devon. Karen said with a giggle, "We've done it before, and I'm sure Devon won't mind."

Devon was the hottest guy at the party, and he was getting mobbed by all the girls. But the minute he saw us, he charged across the room to greet us, a huge smile on his face. For hours the three of us flirted and drank and flirted some more, and then the party started to die down. We asked our handsome ski instructor to accompany us back to our room. His eyes lit up instantly, and then he led us back to our cabin, holding Karen's hand while his other arm was wrapped around my waist.

Back in our bedroom, Devon seemed unsure of what to do with two women at once, so Karen and I helped him out, delicately removing each other's outer layers and kissing and fondling each other as we went. We were down to our underwear when we realized Devon still hadn't joined in, so we worked together to get him undressed.

With each piece of clothing that was removed, we took turns kissing him, and when he was in only his boxer briefs, we really teased him. We kissed, licked, and sucked different parts of his body, Karen starting at his feet and me at his neck. While she focused on his toes and thighs, I nibbled on his nipples and gave his belly button the ultimate pleasure. When we met in the middle, the real fun began.

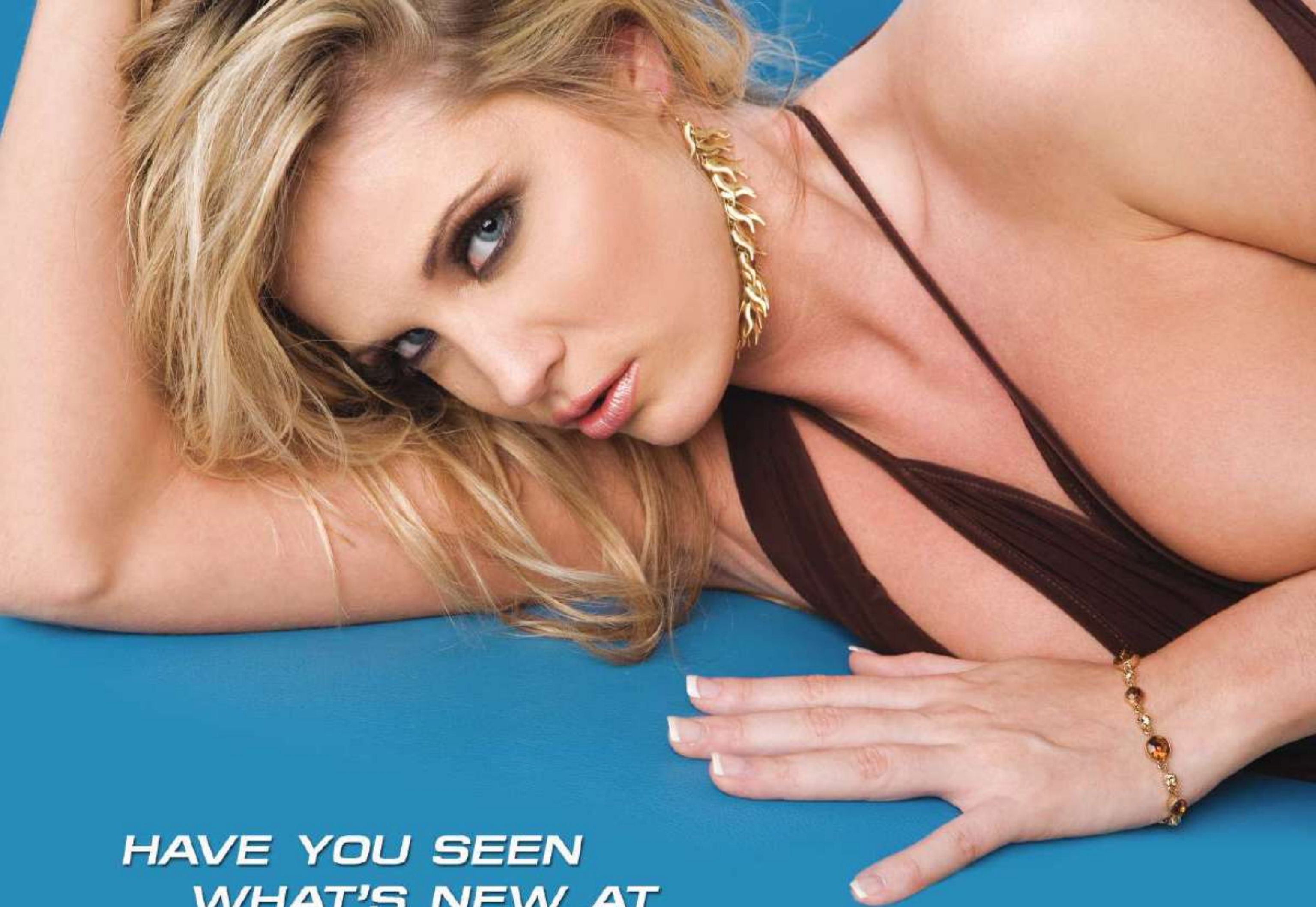
Karen leaned in and took his rock-hard cock into her mouth while I slid between his legs to suck his balls.

We pulled down his underwear and started to fondle his dick, balls, and ass. We circled his body, each of us getting a chance to kiss and lick his delicious skin. When we'd done a full circuit, Karen leaned in and took his rock-hard cock into her mouth, immediately deep-throating him. I crawled around behind him and slid between his legs to suck his balls. Soon we had Devon moaning loudly and begging for more.

We moved to the bed and fooled around with each other, pulling off our bras and panties and caressing every inch of each other's bare skin. Our little show turned Devon on even more, and he started to stroke his dick while he watched.

"No, no, no," I chided him. "Don't be a bad boy. Only we can touch that. Get over here."

He rushed to join us, and I pushed him onto his back and mounted him,



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sliding that beautiful cock deep into my pussy. I humped him slowly, teasing him with my cunt, and he was soon thrusting his hips up to meet mine. Meanwhile, Karen straddled his head and tantalizingly lowered her pussy to his mouth. She was wet from fooling around with me, and when she lifted her hips after a few moments, taunting him, I could see that his face was slick with her juice.

We fucked him like that until he was on the verge of orgasm—which wasn't long—then quickly switched places. It took only a few more minutes before we were all coming, Devon shooting deep inside Karen, whose cream soaked his dick, and me on his mouth. Then it was time to start all over again.

As I'm sure you can guess, we didn't do much skiing on our trip—though we did take lessons every day for the rest of our stay. We may not have boosted the small town's economy all that much by staying in at night, but we sure did boost the morale of the ski instructor!—*N.R., Connecticut*

BANGING BETTY

Mom's friend Betty is pushing 50, but she looks about 35. She's tall with a medium build, dark hair, and the biggest pair of tits I've ever seen. My visit to her house was all my mom's idea. I was on spring break during my freshman year of college, and my buddies and I were going up to Montreal for the week. Since Betty had moved there a few years before, my mom thought it would be nice of me to stop by. Plus, she said Betty loved to cook, and I was guaranteed at least one free, decent meal on the trip.

On our first day in Montreal, I left my buddies at the hotel and took the car to Betty's place. She hugged me when she met me at the door, and her huge tits crushed hotly against my chest. Even her smell made me horny!

Betty had been divorced for two years, and she lived in a huge house with a pool. After about an hour—during which I couldn't stop staring at her boobs—she asked if I wanted to go for a swim, since it was an unusually hot day. I told her I didn't have a suit, but Betty said I didn't need one.

We went out by the pool and, right before my eyes, Betty began to strip. First her huge boobs popped into view, and she shook them a little, laughing. By the time she was naked, my dick was completely hard and ready for action.

Very awkwardly, I stripped while I was turned away from her, trying to hide my hard-on. When I finally got the courage to turn around, I was surprised to see Betty wasn't in the pool. Instead, she was lying flat on her back in the sun, her legs spread apart.

"It's going to happen," she said, "so let's do it now and cool off in the water when we're done."

My cock nearly exploded. I walked over to her and knelt beside her head. She reached up and put a hand under my balls, like she was sizing me up. Then she leaned forward and gave my cock a quick kiss on the tip.

"Let's take the edge off first," she said as she stroked me. "This way you'll last when I finally let you inside." She mumbled the last part, her words muffled by my cock. In less than a minute I erupted down her throat, and she swallowed it all.

After that we swam for a while, then she grilled steaks for lunch. When we finished eating, she pulled me up and led me back onto the deck, telling me it was time for dessert. She lay down again and spread her legs wide so I could eat her delicious pussy. I ate her till she came, and by that time I was hard again, so I climbed up her body and thrust inside her pussy. I fucked her hard, coming inside her just before another climax overtook her.

I spent that night and the rest of the week fucking her all over her house, in every position we could think of. I barely saw the guys I'd traveled with, but I didn't care. Hanging out—and hooking up—with Betty was way more exciting. I plan on stopping by to see her next time I'm on break. It can't come soon enough.—*R.P., Michigan*

SAUNA SURPRISE

Last summer my wife and I went to Barbados on vacation. When we went to the sauna, we were greeted by an old woman who gave us towels. Bridgid's was tiny and didn't even cover her tits and her clean-shaven pussy at the same time. Seeing her like that gave me a hard-on, and her smile told me she'd noticed my reaction.

We were alone in the sauna, Bridgid lying down with her towel open, shiny with perspiration, when a stout man in his fifties came in. He sat next to Bridgid, removed his towel, and lay down. He was facing away from me, but I still noticed that he took a long look at my wife's 28-year-old body. Bridgid stayed motionless, as if she didn't know he was there, and I became aroused at the thought of another man seeing her naked.

I watched, my own hard-on in hand, as my wife got so wound up that she begged to be fucked. I sat back to enjoy the show.

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I was somewhat shrouded in steam, so I wasn't even sure if the man had noticed me. Then, sure enough, he boldly slid off the bench and reached down to fondle my wife's breasts, something she likes me to do. After a while he moved down between her legs and began eating her out. I watched, my own hard-on in hand, as she got so wound up that she begged to be fucked. It had been a while since we'd experimented with other partners, so I sat back to enjoy the show.

Meanwhile, the man pulled Bridgid down the bench and put her legs over his shoulders to spread her wide. That's when I saw his cock, which was about seven inches long and very thick. He rubbed himself over her cunt till she said, "Please do it. Stop teasing me."

As he pushed into her, she moaned that he was stretching her to the limit. "God, you're so fucking big," she told him once he'd started thrusting. "It feels like I'll tear apart."

That got me excited and I instantly came all over the floor. The guy was pounding her with surprising strength and stamina, and Bridgid got very vocal. She was so loud that the old woman poked her head in the door to check on us, but I waved her away.

The guy was an animal. He nailed my wife harder than I'd ever seen, then suddenly groaned. He mumbled something that sounded like Italian and slumped forward. I knew he'd just come inside her.

After both of them had calmed down, the guy took his towel and left, finally acknowledging me with a smile as he walked out.

The next afternoon we ran into the man again in the hotel lobby. This time he stopped and introduced himself. His name was Carlo and he was 52 years old. He was on vacation with his family, and he hoped he hadn't upset us with his actions the day before. We assured him that he hadn't, and my wife told him that she'd enjoyed herself immensely. He then suggested that we do it again before he left the next day.

"How about right now?" Bridgid said, surprising me, and before I could say anything, we were headed up to our room with Carlo. In the elevator, Bridgid stood beside me and let Carlo fondle her nice round ass through her swimsuit. She said she simply had to have that big dick one more time.

When we got to the room, Carlo sat on the couch and Bridgid got between his legs to suck his thick cock, giving me a front-row seat. A minute later she stood up and peeled off her swimsuit before straddling Carlo on the couch. Then she held his dick still and sank down onto him, moaning loudly.

She rode him like a wild woman and he feasted on her perky tits. I marveled as he fucked her and gripped her ass, and after about 20 minutes, she turned around and faced me as she continued to ride her new friend. That's when I noticed that his feast on her tits had been almost literal—she was covered in love bites from her neck to her nipples.

Carlo held her tits as she rode him, and pinched and pulled her nipples. Bridgid screamed and yelled in pleasure until finally, with a grunt, Carlo filled her cunt with his load. He came a lot, just like before, and when Bridgid climbed off him, there was a popping sound as the come dripped from her.

The water allowed us to move in new ways, and I could easily tease Jessica's tits and finger her clitoris.

I quickly got on top of her as Carlo dressed, and by the time we were done, he was gone. That was a great vacation!—*R.T., Texas*

■ WET AND WILD

Jessica loves fucking in public. So far, no place has been too visible for her, and she's such an exhibitionist that she keeps her windows wide open all the time—not a set of blinds or a curtain to be found. Which means I wasn't all that surprised when she cornered me in the pool and grabbed my crotch—though I should mention that the pool was at our hotel and there were about two dozen other people hanging out, a lot of them actually in the water with us. That meant little to my girlfriend. She pulled me to the deep end by the

diving board, which no one was using, and started making out with me. I've never been big on public displays of affection, but I'd gotten used to it with Jessica—and with her it was usually more like a public display of lust anyway.

At first we were just kissing, but as we floated against the wall, things got racier. Jessica's hand went up the leg of my swim trunks, and then her fingers danced around the waistband. I had no interest in getting caught with my pants down, but I wasn't about to stop her.

When her hands settled on my shoulders and her kisses lightened, I thought for a moment she was done. I was wrong. After a momentary pause, she pushed my trunks down until my now-hard cock sprang free, bobbing inches below the surface of the water. Then she untied one side of her bikini bottom, pushed the material away from her pussy, and wrapped her legs around my waist. I felt my cockhead brush along her slit as she pulled herself against me, and the next thing I knew she was sinking onto my dick until I was buried completely inside her cunt.

It wasn't easy to fuck while floating, and we couldn't move too much or we'd give ourselves away for sure. We had to settle for slow, shallow thrusts, and Jessica had to do most of the work, since she had my shoulders to use for leverage. Soon Jessica was pumping herself rhythmically on my cock. It was strange to feel so weightless and weighed down at the same time, but it was hot, too. The water allowed us to move in new ways, and I could easily tease Jessica's tits and finger her clitoris.

Rubbing Jessica's clit and tweaking her nipples had her ready to come, so she started clenching her pussy to help me reach my own climax sooner. Once she started massaging my cock with her cunt, I was a goner. Jessica came with me, and we rode out our orgasms as quietly as we could—although we couldn't control the choppy water surrounding our bodies as we moved together.

The fun over, Jessica slid off me and re-tied her bikini bottom while I tucked my dick back into my trunks. Then she swam to the ladder and climbed out to grab a drink, leaving me alone to swim a few laps and cool down. To this day, we still don't know if anyone realized what was happening in that swimming pool, but they will if they read this letter!—*P.D., Oregon*

SEX ON THE BEACH

Just before my wife, Bonnie, and I were supposed to leave on vacation last year, I got into an accident and broke my leg. We didn't want that to ruin our trip, so we went anyway. I was upset about not being able to have much fun with her, but at least I got to sit by the pool and watch her swim and sunbathe in her skimpy bikini.

One day we were at the pool after dinner, and Bonnie went to the bar to get drinks. While she was there, I watched as three young guys, probably in their twenties, started talking to her. When the bartender brought Bonnie our drinks, she made her way back to me, her admirers following close behind. The three guys—Graham, Mike, and Phil—continued to flirt openly with my wife and even invited us to go out clubbing with them that night, but Bonnie refused. She didn't refuse, however, when they asked if we'd like to go with them to a secluded beach the next day.

I was excited to watch my wife with three young guys, and I hoped she was having as good a time as I was.

The next morning they picked us up for the trip to the beach. After loading up all our stuff, I climbed into the front seat while Bonnie sat in back, sandwiched between Graham and Mike. As we drove, I heard lots of giggling from the backseat, and when I turned around I saw that the bumpy road was making Bonnie's boobs bounce enticingly, which was really entertaining the guys.

When we finally got to the beach, we were all happy to see that we had the place to ourselves. The beach was beautiful, like you see on travel shows. The guys quickly stripped off their shorts to take a dip, deciding to run around naked while they had the chance, and invited Bonnie to join them. After looking at me to see if I objected, she pulled her T-shirt over her head and dropped her bikini bottom to show off her slim figure.

I was excited to watch my wife go skinny-dipping with three young guys, and I hoped she was having as good a time as I was.

They all splashed around in the water, and at one point Mike and Graham grabbed Bonnie and swung her into deeper water, making her

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laugh when she resurfaced. When Bonnie jumped onto Phil's back for a piggyback ride to shore, I could see he had a raging hard-on. Mike tackled them, and as Bonnie fell into the water, Graham ran over and pretended to rescue her. He picked her up in his arms and carried her to shore, laying her down on the sand and insisting she needed CPR. She just giggled, and a minute later he was kneeling over her and they were in a lip-lock.

I watched with growing excitement as my wife made out with her hunky "lifeguard." As Graham continued to "revive" my wife, Mike glanced over at me for approval before leaning in to cup one of Bonnie's tits. Even from my spot a few feet away, I could see that her nipples were rock-hard, and Mike began to suck them.

Then Phil joined the party, kneeling between my wife's spread legs and licking her pussy. I could hear her soft whimpers as Phil ate her, and I got so excited that I nearly came—without even touching myself! Eventually Bonnie came, as Phil was obviously an expert cunt-licker, and as soon as she did, he pulled away and positioned himself with his dick aimed at her pussy. The other guys moved away as Phil climbed on top of my wife and thrust himself into her, and I started jerking off as I watched.

After only a few strokes, Phil was groaning in pleasure as he pumped his load deep inside Bonnie's cunt. When he climbed off her, Mike took his place. Bonnie wrapped her legs around him and thrust up to meet his strokes. He lasted longer than his friend had, and when he came, Bonnie came with him, squealing as he filled her.

It was Graham's turn. As Bonnie lay there panting, Graham rolled her over and slipped in doggie-style. I jerked off as he pounded her hard, and when he came, I came, too, shooting my load onto the sand. Bonnie came one last time as well, and when Graham pulled out of her, she collapsed onto the beach, exhausted and well fucked.

That was the start of a truly wild vacation, as those guys fucked her every day and in all combinations for the rest of our stay.—*T.F., Ohio*

Bonnie came one last time, and when Graham pulled out, she collapsed, exhausted and well fucked.

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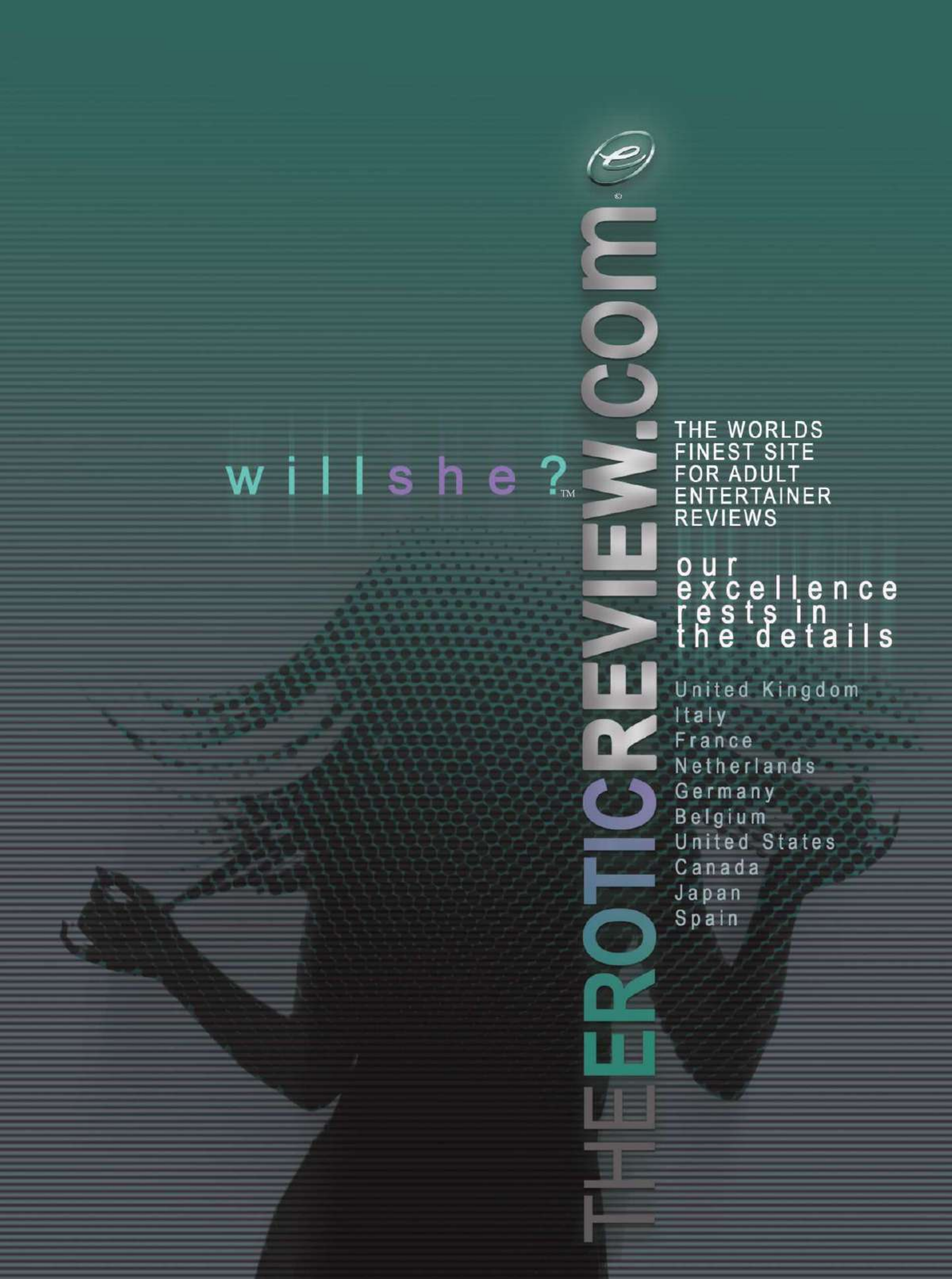
Zdenka Podkapova, the Czech beauty who was our 2001 Pet of the Year, provides the perfect international flair for an issue in which we delve into vacationing: from looking for a little hands-on action abroad to a location for an all-American bachelor party; from a vacation fuck-it list to a special section of raunchy "sexcursion" Forum letters.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